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MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.—(See page 6.)

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1895.

# ALL AMONG OURSELVES

WILL England and this country fight over the Venezuela tangle?

The boundary dispute between Venezuela and England has been very fully explained in these columns—more fully than in any other public journal in this country, in a formal article by Mr. Edward King under date of April 4, 1895. The boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana has never been authoritatively settled. In order to settle it, it will be necessary to determine what were the possessions of the Dutch bordering on Venezuela, when Great Britain took formal possession of what is now British Guiana, after the Treaty of Paris in 1814. In order to determine this, it will be necessary to find what were the lines of demarkation specified in the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, when all that is now rightfully British and Dutch Guiana was conceded to Holland, and all that is now rightfully Venezuelan territory was conceded to Spain. For when the independence of Venezuela was finally acknowledged by Spain in 1845, the former had a right to the Venezuela that Spain was granted by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. I give these dates, for the reader will notice, in the current newspaper discussion, that the Schomburgk line was run in 1840, and the Aberdeen line in 1844. For further particulars the reader is referred to Mr. King's article (ONCE A WEEK, April 4, 1895).

It will be seen that, whether Venezuela is right or wrong in her resistance to English claims down there, the question is, at all events, one to be decided by a careful examination of all the treaties involved. It is equally certain that by the Treaty of Paris in 1814 England acquired none of Spain's then territory in what is now Venezuela. And that was the last time England ever gained any treaty right to territory in that quarter. If the lines were not definitely drawn, either at Utrecht in 1713 or at Paris in 1814, it might be that England sets up a claim now to additional territory by right of possession, occupation and civil administration since 1814, or by virtue of Holland's having done so as against Spain after the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. I find that English writers speak of Venezuela as claiming 652,807 square miles, though her civil administration covered but 439,000 square miles. (See Encyclopedia Britannica, article "Venezuela.") It is highly probable that the English Foreign Office has now a point of this kind on its mind. Possession and use and civil administration may be twisted so as to count for the proverbial "nine points" that the law gives in the case of unused and abandoned real estate. This is certainly the strongest case that England can make out in the boundary dispute with her weaker neighbor.

How strong is this case? It is supposable that the learned scientist, Schomburgk, was sent in 1840, because Spain was still resisting the Venezuelan claims to independence that had been first proclaimed in 1810; and that Schomburgk had data to go by that were furnished by the two important treaties of 1713 and 1814. It could not have entered the British diplomatic mind that any unwarrantable claim then made by Schomburgk would be afterward confirmed by Spain in settling with her rebellious colony—as she did in 1845. The only explanation of the sending of Schomburgk is, that any boundary then claimed—and now overstepped—could be afterward defended on the ground of possession by Great Britain and Holland, and abandonment by Spain and Venezuela, during a long term of years. And it will be quite apparent to even the lay mind, that the original surveys, by their imperfections, their guess-work and *their basis of possession only*, would aid England in her claim to the Schomburgk line and as far beyond as she dared to go, without claiming Venezuela itself. I am afraid, therefore, that England's case down there is stronger than some people imagine.

Then why does she not submit the boundary question to arbitration? You heard her answer last week. She will not submit the question on her side of the Schomburgk line, but she will arbitrate with reference to some territory beyond, that she thinks she may need! It is clear that her whole claim is based on her own vigilance in getting control and possession, and in setting up civil administration in territory that seemed to need it and was not getting it from Venezuela or any of the other neighbors.

In order to hold what she has—or may think she has—down there, it will not be necessary for England to fight—in war. All she needs is "nerve." These are chess figures, not cannon or iron clads. And England has "nerve." If this country asks—or will we demand?—that the tangle be unraveled by arbitration; and if England says, "Oh, now, really; who are you, sir?" the question is, Will we fight, with the grim panoply of real war? England is not fighting these days; she is getting all she wants without fighting, except in the case of the poor savages that know no better than to go against her Maxim guns and her "Blakes."

No; this country and England will not fight over Venezuela. England will move her nimble pawn called "nerve," whenever we move our cumbersome castle "Monroe Doctrine." And the game will go on without bloodshed. Meantime Continental Europe will learn to laugh at our Monroe diction. Really, unless we gain some kind of local acquaintance at least, with our South American neighbors—the Monroe Doctrine will be a poor stick to oppose to British "nerve"—a quality that seldom retreats before anything but the guns of an equal.

Let us lay aside theory and angry discussions for a while. Let us help one another. Here is a sample. For sixty days the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern and the "Soo" lines will give farmers a half-rate from Minneapolis and St. Paul to all points in Minnesota and the Dakotas. These companies desire that farmers may have a chance to feed surplus potatoes and grain to live stock. The fine American hand of President Hill of the Great Northern is visible in this scheme. He will get his money back in live-stock shipments later on; the farms will be improved by home feeding, and farm produce need not be sold at a sacrifice. President Hill is entitled to his money back—with interest.

Mr. Chauncey Depew is right. The people of this city ought to vote on the saloon Sunday question. Then let all the other American cities vote. Let us see what the majority of the people in cities do think about this Sunday saloon. Is there an American Sunday? If we wish to know where we stand, this is one of the best chances we have ever had, to find out.

Is the Nicaragua Canal worth one hundred million dollars to the United States? Oh! I beg pardon. There is no Nicaragua Canal yet. The Canal Commission, however, reports in favor of spending that sum to get it and then, of course, control it. The Canal would certainly bring us closer to our neighbors of Spanish-America, and we might then be able to do something, instead of always talking at English and other encroachments. The sum named is not too much to pay for such a practical application of the Monroe Doctrine. Is it? We pay that much every little while, now, to enable us to do nothing, among the strivings of the nations.

The Rev. Dr. Heber Newton of this city favors the reform of the saloon, in view of the fact that we cannot abolish it. A little of both would not hurt, it seems to me—only not too little. One block on the East Side in this city has ten licensed drinking-places, and an application for another in the same block was refused by the Excise Board last week. One of the signs of the times, by the way, is the steady abolition of the saloon by the people themselves, through the unfailing instrumentality of withdrawal of patronage. Whichever of the two is the better or the more practical, it is certain that there is more abolition than reform in saloon circles.

Hon. Don M. Dickinson of Detroit says that humanity demands our intervention in Cuba, that Spain has never been a friend of this country, and that we, who are wont to be so sympathetic toward European peoples struggling for freedom, ought to at least say something in favor of the oppressed Cubans who are at our doors. What with the recent Corinto affair in Nicaragua, in which England told us to mind our own business; the Venezuelan boundary dispute that is waking up our harmless Monroe Doctrine now; the Alaskan boundary trouble wherein England is about to test our Monroe Doctrine on our own account; the unsettled seal fisheries award in favor of Canada, and the numerous other odds and ends of international unpleasantness—perhaps it is asking too much of us to say a word for Cuba, where the Monroe Doctrine does not count. But, while we are vigorously talking in all the other "premises," a few words more or less will not hurt Cuba, even if it does not help the cause of liberty throughout the world. The point to be noted, in all these tiresome episodes, is that talk in general is cheap. When Congress meets in December, I expect to hear something that will be pertinent to each particular case. The Cuban affair is unfortunately the least important of them all.

The news of the death of John W. Mackey, Jr., in Paris on the 19th inst., was a terrible shock to his parents and his family. He was thrown from his horse—an untrained young animal—and suffered injuries from which he expired after three terrible hours of conscious agony. It was at first reported that the unfortunate young man was unconscious after the accident, but later news showed the rumor to be erroneous. John W. Mackey, the bereaved father, one of America's great Builders, was prostrated by the news. The family will have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Yachting news? Oh, yes; there is a little now and again. Lord Dunraven has been interviewed. Afterward he said he was not interviewed correctly, and that Mr. Kemp said things that were attributed to his Lordship. Then Mr. Kemp said, Yes, that was so. Anyhow, the Charles D. Rose challenge for the America's Cup has been withdrawn. Mr. Rose gives as his reason that some people have the impression that his challenge was a sort of unfavorable comment on Lord Dunraven's recent exploits off Sandy Hook with his last "Valkyrie." The whole affair has grown very tiresome, and I hope the end of it all is very near.

The Committee of Fifty has sent the Republicans of this city $8,750 to get out voters against Tammany this fall. The State Democracy held a rousing anti-Tammany rally in Cooper Union last week. Reports are out that certain Republicans are dickering with Tammany candidates. New York has, on the whole, one of the most mixed-up municipal canvasses on her hands that ever yet contributed to the gayety of politics. The Tiger smiles.

The New York City Vigilance League had a dinner without wine October 24, at which Dr. Parkhurst presided. The League has been at work for three years, and the aggressive presiding officer notified his associates that the work of the League is to extend beyond the present year, and that if they are whipped this November, they must prepare for November 4, 1896. Dr. Parkhurst said he would not lose a wink of sleep, even if they were whipped; that he had been whipped before and it did him good. Police Commissioner Roosevelt said that the Doctor ought to be satisfied, no matter what happens, because it has been given to him to stir up one of the mightiest revolutions that ever shook up municipal politics in the history of the country. The Vigilance League is evidently willing to wait as well as watch, to pray as well as fight. It is a strictly non-partisan organization except that it fights iniquity wherever iniquity shows its head. It is on record just now as favoring the fusion ticket—which, I understand, is also non-partisan, except that it aims to whip Tammany this fall.

I thought the Lake Shore Railroad would do something pretty soon in the line of record breaking. The level roadbed and the matchless equipment of that up-to-date and progressive company ought to be heard from. And so it has been. The record is now five hundred and ten miles—Chicago to Buffalo—at an average speed of 64.98 miles an hour, with three sleepers weighing 488,500 pounds, and an engine averaging eighty to eighty-five tons. The run was made, including Empire State Express from Buffalo to New York—Chicago to New York in seventeen hours and a half.

Unless this country can sell several million dollars' worth of something in Europe this week, another drain of gold from this side cannot be prevented, though this is the season of the year when the balance of trade ought to be in our favor, owing to shipments of agricultural products. Bills resulting from sales of cotton abroad have been quite abundant until last week, when the last of them seem to have been absorbed in the payment of balances to European bankers. It is given out that a six million-dollar block of Pan-Handle Railroad bonds are soon to be sold in Europe by Kuhn, Loeb & Co. of this city, and that when that sale is consum-

mated our bankers can write against it for a short time. But there is little else in sight, and the rate of exchange is even now high enough to make gold shipments from this side absolutely necessary.

Senator Sherman says he did not say that ex-Governor Foster of Ohio sold him out in 1880; and he denies also that he ever accused Mr. T. C. Platt of New York of selling him out in 1888. The Republican leaders are determined not to fight each other this year. It will be time enough in 1896.

The new American liner "St. Louis" arrived at Southampton October 24, having broken her rudder eight hundred miles from that port on her eastward voyage. Notwithstanding her crippled condition she was only thirty-one hours behind her record time. The rumor that she had a race with the White Star steamer "Majestic" was denied.

"Ship burned at sea. Crew saved." How often we hear this good news, in our day; and how seldom it could be said in the olden time, when a vessel afire at sea meant a horrible death for all on board. The crew of the steamer "St. Augustine" are all in Boston safe, having been picked up by the New England and Savannah Line steamer "City of Macon." The "St. Augustine" left the port of New York on her Florida trip midnight of Saturday the 19th. At eleven o'clock the following Monday night the hold full of merchandise was discovered to be on fire. The hatches could not be removed without causing the more rapid burning of the ship. They were eighteen miles off Cape Hatteras, and the captain and crew were less than an hour in their boats after abandoning the vessel, when the "City of Macon" came along and took them aboard.

The latest on the Venezuelan affair, as we go to press, is that a certain European Power, not named, will stand by this country in the dispute if it reaches the serious stage. Dr. Spaight, Vice-Consul of the United States at Georgetown, British Guiana, has a map showing the Guiana-Venezuela boundary prior to 1800. The map is rare, and the British Colonial Office has several copies of it. The Doctor is quoted as saying that this map proves the territory where gold has been found to be British soil, and he is further quoted as saying that Venezuela never claimed it until gold was discovered and that the United States will make a mistake if she endeavors to assert the Monroe Doctrine in connection with the dispute. Dr. Spaight has lived in Guiana twenty-seven years. He is now in this country on a vacation, and says he was not sent for by Secretary Olney and that his business is not with the State Department. He is thoroughly impregnated with the British idea as to Venezuela, and I presume he knows whereof he speaks or he would not settle this whole question in such off-hand style. And then again, perhaps he is only impregnated with the British idea.

The President and members of the Cabinet returned from Atlanta on the 24th inst. Postmaster-General Wilson said the party were delighted with their visit. A rumor that the President was coldly received at the Exposition was coupled with the statement that he was not loudly cheered by the crowds in attendance. But, then, President Cleveland is not a man who is much given to seeking plaudits. I am sure the lack of cheers at Atlanta had no political significance. It simply showed that the crowds at the Exposition were courteously undemonstrative but cordial in their reception of the Executive Department.

Senator Chandler of New Hampshire is out in a fierce letter to the President calling upon him to free the people from the extortion threatened by the recent railroad combine to maintain rates. Come to think of it, Is that combine lawful? If the railroads find it necessary to do something to maintain rates, why is not the Inter-State Commerce Law revised and amended so as to give them a chance to stop ruinous competition? Are the railroads going to do as they please, law or no law?

National leaders of the Republican party held a secret conference in this city last week. Among them were Senator Quay of Pennsylvania, Russel A. Alger of Michigan, Chauncey I. Filley of St. Louis, James S. Clarkson of Iowa, Charles H. Shortridge of California, Senator Carter of Montana, Thomas C. Platt of New York. It was thought that the place for holding the National Republican Convention was decided on. Senator Quay said that, as far as he could see, Pennsylvania has not yet decided on a favorite candidate for the Presidency; both Reed and McKinley had a strong following in the State. A rather alarming report was that ex-Governor Alger of Michigan had decided to accept second place on the ticket if it was offered to him. This would certainly shelve McKinley and boom Reed or Morton for first place, as both candidates could not well be chosen from the West. There is time yet for counter moves; but this one would be hard to beat. Alger would make an ideal expediency candidate for second place, having abundant means and being universally popular owing to his amiable and charming personality.

In a few more weeks, the Mints will stop coining silver dollars. Nothing but subsidiary coins and gold will be turned out. Such is the order of Secretary Carlisle. This will change the notes issued in payment of silver bullion from "coin" notes to gold notes, says Mr. Bland of Missouri. Coin will be as good as gold.

San Francisco wants the Republican National Convention, and the Union League Club of that city offers to subscribe twenty-five thousand dollars—or more, if necessary—for the personal entertainment of National Committeemen. If the Committeemen do not roll too awfully high out there, twenty-five thousand dollars ought to keep them moving for a few days. The newspapers have subscribed as follows: *Chronicle*, seventy-five hundred dollars; *Call*, five thousand dollars; *Examiner*, one thousand dollars. Capitalists have offered to pay off the debt of the National Committee. If money and vim can bring the Convention that far, San Francisco will certainly get it, for she has one of them "to burn" and a fair quality of the other.

Christian Endeavor people at Youngstown, O., have decided to enter politics and have adopted the vow to attend caucuses and primaries and demand the nomination of honest and capable men; to seek the divorcement of National issues from municipal and State elections; to work for the extermination of the saloon; and to support for office such men only as are in favor of righteous legislation and the impartial enforcement of the laws. These earnest young people have no doubt looked carefully into the old theory that as soon as religious or semi-religious bodies make a specialty of politics, their usefulness is at an end. They find there is nothing in that theory, and that religious people have as much right to go to caucuses and to scratch bad candidates, after the caucus, as anybody else. They are not afraid, anyhow.

The "fast mail" will be carried on and after November 4, by the Erie from New York to Chicago in twenty-eight hours. As the ordinary fast train between the two cities makes a twenty-four hour run, this mail will not be very fast. Besides, the Erie fast train to Chicago goes part of the way through Canada on the Grand Trunk to Port Huron, Mich., and the rest of the way to Chicago on a foreign railroad, the Chicago and Grand Trunk.

General Porter's "bull" at the dinner recently given to the Duke of Marlborough at the Union League Club, when he referred to the English law which prevented a man "from marrying his widow's sister," serves to exemplify the proverbial tendency to say the wrong thing at the most inopportune time. It goes to prove, too, that the tendency is not confined, as popular belief has it, to the quick-witted Celt.

The General's *faux pas* naturally suggests a train of similar anecdotes, but the antiquity of most of these stock tales is sufficient to warrant their suppression. One comes from California, however, which has enough of novelty to justify repeating it. The City Council of Oakland recently passed an ordinance providing that every bather in a public place within the city limits must wear "a shirt or jersey covering the entire upper part of the body except the arms." It was the much-abused compositor who discovered, while putting this remarkable piece of end-of-the-century legislation into type, that according to its provisions every bather would be compelled to hide his or her head in a sack. At latest reports the ordinance had been reported back with a view to relieving the Oakland bather from the necessity of bagging his head.

Amusing as this remarkable ordinance is, it has its parallel in that historic resolution of the New York Board of Aldermen, of a few years ago, by which it was solemnly decreed that certain public business was to be transacted "on the first Tuesday in July, unless that day should fall on a legal holiday or a Sunday."

The most important movement affecting the prosperity of New York is that looking to the improvement of the canals of the State. The cheap transportation of grain and other commodities to this port will be a benefit to all sections of the State and incidentally to the country at large. A bill has been passed at Albany that provides for necessary improvements on all the canals; but it must receive a majority vote of the people at the next general election. There should be no party lines on this question. There are no jobs in the bill. Neither is there any danger of an adverse vote; but there is danger that other questions may overshadow the canal issue to such an extent that the people may not give it sufficient attention. These figures ought to be carefully studied: As a consequence of unfavorable conditions the tonnage of the Erie Canal has shown continuous decrease during the last few years, and for the year 1894 the tonnage was the smallest since 1859. In the season of 1894 the railways carried 49.45 per cent of the total amount of the grain delivered at the port of New York and the canals 50.1 per cent. For the eleven months ending November 30, 1894, Baltimore exported about 15,000,000 bushels, or nearly one-half as much grain as New York, while Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston and Montreal together exported 36,155,396 bushels, of which a large amount could have been diverted to New York for export if the canals could have furnished the necessary accommodation at a low rate of cost.

It is a long way from Chicago to San Francisco, still the decision of the railroad magnates to shorten the time between the two cities ten hours is a rather placid bit of space-annihilation. The decision goes into effect the first of November. I presume the officials can use the time some place else.

The quiet Pacific is growing more and more warlike. There is a crisis in Korea since the murder of the Queen, and Russia and Japan are on the alert watching each other. The former has sent fifteen warships to two important seaports of the Peninsula, and the Japanese fleet at Formosa has been recalled and ordered northward. Japan has replied to Russia's demand for the evacuation of Korea by protesting against the Czar's undue dictation in Korean affairs. It is regarded as settled that Russia will permanently occupy the Korean port of Fusan. China is having a hard time with the Mohammedan insurgents who number eight hundred thousand well-armed men, while the Chinese army numbers only sixty thousand. The Far East promises to be very much torn up before many days.

The unfavorable condition of Chicago's finances is much to be regretted. According to an official statement of Comptroller Wetherell the only way out of the difficulty is to cut the Fire and Police Departments one-half to one-third, and to temporarily abolish some of the minor departments altogether. The floating debt accumulated during six years is placed at six million dollars, and it is still rolling up at the rate of one million dollars a year.

If Chicago's finances, economically administered, are in this hopeless state, a continuance of the conditions that cause it is out of the question. Receipts from all sources must be brought up to within hailing distance, at least, of necessary expenditures. If the great corporations of Chicago need a large part of the protection afforded by the Police and Fire Departments, it would seem that some of the taxes they pay to the State of Illinois ought to be diverted, by some legislative expedient, into the City Treasury that is supposed to furnish the needed protection. Locally considered, it is unfair to ask Chicago to do a losing business in this direction; and all right-minded citizens throughout the Union will echo the sentiment that, as Chicago is the second city of the Union, we all are interested in keeping her finances out of the grasp of the money-lender.

The Department of Agriculture reports exports of farm products for the year ending July 1, 1895, $553,215,317. For 1894 they were $628,363,638; $615,382,986 for 1893; and $799,328,232 for 1892. As compared with the average from 1890 to 1895, our agricultural exports this year show a falling off of $90,000,000. Exports of tobacco, wood, cotton cloths, coal, animals, agricultural implements, leather and furs have held their own, while exports of oil, fish, fruits, nuts, manufactures of iron and steel, cotton seed oil, vinegar and wine show an increase. Secretary Morton figures that there has been a falling off both in the quantity and value of the exports of most agricultural products. If the great farming region of the Interior is to prosper, it is clear, that deeper waterways to the seaboard, to cheapen transportation, cannot be undertaken too soon.

## THE WEEKLY AND "THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY."

It goes without saying that readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY must have observed and appreciated the recent improvement in the quality of paper and the style of printing. It may be said now truthfully that no paper in America is turned out in better dress and shape than COLLIER'S WEEKLY. In literary finish, in the character and ability of its contributors, it was for a long time the foremost periodical in this country. But until recently almost insuperable difficulties were encountered in the effort to print neatly so large an edition as COLLIER'S WEEKLY is obliged to issue. Its very volume of circulation was a bar to clean printing and careful handling. But a new style of printing has lately been tried and adopted with the best results. Comparison can now be successfully challenged with the best of its rivals.

Coincident with this mechanical improvement is a great step forward in the line of fiction and in the general quality of its formerly very superior literary and artistic finish. Its fortnightly novels cannot be equaled now. These novels are given out to subscribers to the WEEKLY, but may be obtained on application separate from the WEEKLY by subscribing to THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY. The contributors to this Library are the foremost novelists of the day—men whose names stand for all that is best in modern fiction.

☞ A correspondent from Oskosh, Wis., has sent COLLIER'S WEEKLY a communication entitled "Helen Thorn's Thanksgiving." No name is signed to the article, and the editor requests that the omission be supplied. It is impossible to communicate with correspondents who give no names.

A MODERN ORPHEUS.

From the painting by P. Harland Fisher.

ROOM FOR TWO.

*Should a gallant spy a maiden*
*All alone in brave array,*
*Should he come with looks love-laden,*
*And with low obeisance say:*

*"May I take a seat, fair lady!"*
*Oh, what could a maiden do?*
*For the bench is cool and shady,*
*And there's room enough for two.*—Lydia Busch.

## THE SWALLOW'S SONG.

[illegible] the blue of the far-away mountains,
[illegible] o'er the calm of the beautiful sea—
There, in the land of the groves and the fountains—
There is thy true love awaiting for thee.

"Open thy window," the swallows are calling;
"Fly with us, fly with us over the sea;
Autumn is come, and the blossoms are falling;
Fly to thy true love who waiteth for thee!"

"Thou canst not come, but the tear of thy sorrow,
Steals from our song while it saddens our glee,
To shine in the eye of thy true love to-morrow—
There in the land where he waiteth for thee.

"Breathe us a kiss, lady—safe will we bear it,
Safe on the breeze o'er the waves of the sea;
Drop us a rosebud: thy true love shall wear it,
There in the land where he waiteth for thee!

"Thy rosebud, thy kiss, with their message shall greet him—
True love from the love that is over the sea—
To gladden his heart for the day thou shalt meet him—
Thy love in the land where he waiteth for thee!"

BEATRICE ROSENTHAL.

## HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

BY FREDERIC STANLEY.

THE autumn twilight was deepening into night, and the shabby consulting-room, with its worn and faded furniture, was fitfully illuminated by a fire that burned redly in the grate. Close by the hearth was a writing-table, and beside it sat a man whose eyes were heavy with unutterable weariness. He leaned back in his chair, idly drumming with his fingers upon its padded sides, and gazed grimly at the embers. In their glowing mystery he seemed to trace some image of himself. His form was crisply outlined in a little cave of incandescent brilliance, where the white, pulsating heat gave it an impish suggestion of life. Then, as if stricken by some puny earthquake, cave and figure were engulfed in the crumbling fabric of dying cinders and white ash.

The man laughed with a strident note that had a shiver in it.

"Is that a symbol of my own extinction?" he said. "Great God, what a fool I've been, what a hopeless, pitiful fool!"

He sprang to his feet with passionate energy and paced the room, his fingers working strenuously and closing in so fierce a grip that they were left limp and nerveless.

"Nearly a year's work," he continued, "and for what? A pittance that has barely served to keep body and soul together. No, the game isn't worth playing. This struggle against fate is as mad a folly as all the rest. But for Sylvia it would be better to end it now."

John Richmond, at seven-and-forty, was broken in heart and spirit—haunted by the shadow of a shame so bitter that memory and remorse went with him hand-in-hand. Three years before ambition led him to the summit of his hopes, and among the great surgeons of the day few names had been more honored and more envied than his. When almost within reach of his final triumph his wife died, and his one child, a blue-eyed maid of ten, became the idol of his life.

Success affects men in many varied and curious ways, and sometimes in the most unexpected. Richmond had labored unwearyingly through years of privation and ascetic self-denial, winning his way to fame by the genius of skill and courage. His aspirations once achieved, he became a sybarite. Such changes of taste and temperament move to extremes, and Richmond found his moral antipodes in his first bottle of champagne. His fame as a surgeon was speedily rivaled by his fame as a *bon vivant*. If his dinners were costly and commonplace, his wines were perfection. He was the most genial of hosts—after dinner he was even exuberant. No one hinted at anything more than that. It is quite as easy to excuse the amiable excesses of a good fellow as it is to condemn them in a person we dislike.

Three years before the opening of this story he gave a memorable feast. All his guests were men, and every man bore a name that was famous. Richmond was at the apotheosis of his new development, and the wine inspired him with a gayety and excitement that literally transformed him. He was in the wildest of spirits—the complete antithesis of the grave, earnest man who, a few hours before, had visited his hospital, received with untiring patience the crowd which daily filled his waiting-rooms in Harley Street, and attended the necessities—or caprices—of three peeresses and a half-score of the smaller aristocracy.

The hour was late, and most of his friends had already dispersed, when the butler entered the room and handed him a slip of paper. It was a message, summoning him to the bedside of a noble patient. Her Grace of Lynn Regis was too influential a patron to disoblige, but the call was unexpected. He had fixed the event for a week later at least, and he resented the disturbance. All the same, he excused himself to his guests and drove to Park Lane.

Next morning the fashionable world was shocked by the reported death of the beautiful young duchess. Inquiry brought confirmation, and as the day wore on strange rumors were afloat of some untoward disaster. Then came a new sensation. Her attendant, Dr. Richmond, the famous specialist, was charged with the commission of a terrible blunder. His treatment had been unusual and extraordinary, and there was little room for doubt in the public mind that he had been intoxicated. There were no criminal proceedings, but Richmond's disgrace was irrevocable and complete.

He went abroad, leaving Sylvia at boarding-school, and traveled aimlessly from place to place. Two years had passed in these wanderings when he journeyed into Southern Spain and came to quaint old Ronda. The grim Moorish town, the mighty chasm and wild leaping river caught his fancy, and he lingered there in idle contentment. In prosperity, his expenditure had been lavish, and when ruin fell upon him the sale of his effects and such money as he possessed left him with something less than four thousand pounds. For so small a sum an investment was impossible, and he speculated with little prudence or judgment wherever generous interest was promised. For a time his ventures prospered, and provided sufficient for his needs.

But at Ronda fortune dealt him a second blow. He had been there a month when he received two letters. The first announced the failure of the enterprise in which the bulk of his capital was placed, the second told him that his child was dangerously ill. "If," wrote Madame Leibhart, "you wish to see her again, come at once." He traveled in feverish haste to London, to find his darling at the very gates of death. Her condition was almost hopeless. The feeble spark of life burned so dimly that it seemed as if a mere breath might extinguish it. Through anxious days and nights he never left her side, till at last the crisis came, and Fate, relenting, spared him the crowning pang of bitterness. From that moment the inspiration to work possessed him, and a gleam of the old enthusiasm warmed his heart. "There must be another chance for me," he thought. "Surely in this vast London there is some corner where I shall be unknown and unsuspected." Less than a month saw his resolution carried into effect. He rented a small house in one of those nondescript neighborhoods which lie between Chelsea and Pimlico, and exhibited a door-plate containing the simple announcement that Mr. Richmond, Surgeon, might be consulted within. But there were obviously so few people who wanted to consult Mr. Richmond, and still fewer who could afford to pay him when they did, that at the end of a year his earnings were less than enough to cover the expenses of his simple household.

"No," he said, hopelessly, "the game isn't worth playing. But for Sylvia, it would be better to end it now."

He returned wearily to his chair, and, adjusting the shade of the lamp, opened a book, in which he proceeded to make the entries of his day's rounds. He was still occupied in this light task when the thrill of the electric bell aroused him from the work, and a moment later the maid-servant ushered in a gentleman. The visitor was a man of about thirty-five, tall and bronzed, with hair slightly gray upon the temples, and wearing a carefully trained mustache that only partially concealed his firm and resolute mouth. He paused with a momentary hesitation as he entered the room, and cast a swift glance at Richmond, who had risen to receive him; then, with a smile of recognition, strode forward, holding out his hand in cordial greeting.

"Richmond, old fellow! Then I was not mistaken. I've seen your name here on my way to barracks a score of times, but hardly dared to hope it was you. To-night curiosity got the better of me, and I ventured to call. How are you, dear old chap?"

Richmond's pale face flushed crimson as he returned the hearty hand-shake, but his manner was stiff and formal.

"You are very kind, Lord Eston; but forgive me for saying I'm sorry you have discovered my retreat. Since—since I left Harley Street I have seen none of my old friends. My world lies apart from theirs, and it is better that it should be so."

"My dear fellow, you are talking rubbish. Of course we were devilish sorry to hear you'd made a mess of it; but, as men of the world, that needn't affect an old friendship like ours. I've found you, and I'm deuced glad of it."

Lord Eston, the colonel of a crack cavalry regiment, was a man of singularly ingratiating manner. His face, which always wore a genial smile, was handsome and distinguished; but there was a curious curl of the lip and an unnamable expression in the eye which hardly accorded with his frank assumption of sincerity. During his recent appointment as military attache at a European Court scandal had coupled his name with a lady of very exalted rank, and it was whispered that when she came in royal state to England it was to follow the man who had exercised such a fascination over her. Lovers of romance went even so far as to say that a certain illustrious personage who aspired to the hand of this charming princess had been refused because of her attachment to the brilliant Englishman, and that her kinsman and guardian, a famous diplomatist, was in despair at the failure of an alliance he had so keenly desired. Whether true or no, Eston for a time became the hero of this singular story.

Richmond and Lord Eston had never been upon terms of close intimacy, and it struck the doctor as curious that the gallant peer should seek a renewal of an acquaintance that had never been cordial, and now could only be regarded as utterly inconsistent. He made some effort to repel the friendly advances, but Eston's ingenuous manner disarmed him. In spite of himself he found it impossible to withhold his confidence; it was a relief to unbosom himself even to this man, and he told him more of his bitter experiences than he had ever thought to tell a human soul.

Eston clasped his hand in a firm grip as he listened to the concluding words of Richmond's narrative.

"My dear fellow, this won't do. Rouse yourself and put an end to it. Your little daughter, you say, is happy at school and knows nothing of all this?" He waved a deprecating hand round the squalid apartment. "Great heavens, man, do you suppose that can last forever? The girl is no longer a child—in a few years will be a woman—think of her if not of yourself. Come, now, confess that you are on the wrong track. It's sheer nonsense for a man like you to waste his life in such a place as this because of an old trouble that is more than half forgotten. The world has a treacherous memory, and if you have the pluck to face the music you're bound to pull through. Think it over, Richmond, and at any rate you may count on my friendship."

There was a note of real sincerity in Eston's manner, and Richmond was strangely moved by it.

"Don't think me ungracious," he said. "I'm afraid I gave you a surly welcome, but you must make some allowance for me. Ah, believe me," he continued, earnestly, "the sound of your voice, the echo of the old memories it brings back to me, reveals how hopeless the future is. Good-by, Eston. Our roads lie wide apart. I and my child—"

"For her sake," interrupted Eston, as he stepped into the narrow hall, "you should shake off this sensitive folly."

"For her sake," said Richmond. "Ah, God bless her! For her sake I would sell my soul. Good-night!"

Two months went by. Eston made no further sign, and once when Richmond, on his rounds, met that dashing officer riding from barracks, it seemed that he purposely averted his head. One evening a little before Christmas Richmond returned from his weary and profitless work burdened with an unusual sense of depression, chilled in heart and body; and, having no further duties for the night, drew his chair to the blazing fire with a fervent hope that he might be left undisturbed. He read in a desultory fashion for an hour, perhaps, and then drifted into a dreamy abstraction that had become habitual to him. His reverie was disturbed by the sound of carriage-wheels and the pawing of horses as they were drawn up at his door, and then followed the shrill tring of the bell. Richmond looked up expectantly as the maid ushered in a gentleman enveloped in the folds of a heavy fur traveling coat. He was a man of fifty, with strong, clear-cut features, lined and scarred, and his bearing was that of a soldier.

"You are Dr. Richmond, I believe?" said the stranger in a voice of singular sweetness, which gave the merest hint of a foreign accent.

Richmond bowed assent, and indicated a chair which he placed beside the fire.

"Thank you, my time is too precious. I come upon an urgent business, and shall be glad if you will accompany me immediately."

"I am entirely at your service; may I inquire the nature of the case?"

"That I will explain as we go along—my carriage is outside."

Richmond hurriedly threw on an overcoat and followed his visitor, who impatiently led the way to the street. The weather was bitterly cold, and darkness had brought with it a dense white mist, through which the street lamps shone dimly. Before the door was a brougham, superbly horsed, with a footman standing beside it. The stranger motioned Richmond to enter, and then following himself, the carriage was driven off.

(*Concluded next week.*)

## ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

ONE of the most interesting women of the day is Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the great champion of women's rights and female suffrage, whose eightieth birthday is to be marked, on November 12, by a formal reception and celebration at the Metropolitan Opera House in this city. I enjoyed the privilege, a few days ago, of conversing with Mrs. Stanton, whom I found seated in an old-fashioned armchair in a cozy apartment of one of the most modern of our city houses.

"I have just been reading a chapter of the Old Testament," remarked Mrs. Stanton, after motioning me to a chair. "It is the chapter wherein a certain tribe was ordered by the Lord to swoop down upon a neighboring tribe and exterminate it. When the exterminating tribe returned the Lord said: 'What booty do you bring?' and the chief of the victorious tribe answered: 'We have brought seven thousand cattle, six thousand camels, five thousand jackasses and three thousand women.'"

Mrs. Stanton laughed, and mischief sparkled in her eyes as she continued: "The very first event that engraved itself on my memory was the birth of a sister when I was four years old. 'What a pity 'tis a girl,' remarked everybody who came to the house. I began to have compassion myself for the little lady, for it was then that I commenced to understand that girls were considered an inferior order of beings. You see I had not yet read in Holy Writ how women and jackasses were both items of booty, and that women were mentioned after jackasses. I have been before the United States Senate Committees of twenty-two successive Congresses to plead for recognition as a citizen of this Republic, but I shall never again plead the cause, as it were, on my knees. To lean over before a body of men twenty or thirty years younger than myself, imploring them for what is my right, is ridiculous."

Referring to the approaching celebration in honor of her eightieth birthday, Mrs. Stanton remarked: "All this celebrating now is so different from the treatment I received when I called the first Woman's Suffrage Convention fifty years ago. Of course, we were the laughing stock of the whole country—a subject for ridicule and sarcasm by the entire press of the nation. With our declaration of Rights and Resolutions for a text, it seemed as if every man who could wield a pen prepared a homily on 'Woman's Sphere.' All the journals from Maine to Texas seemed to strive with each other to see which could make our cause the most ridiculous. So pronounced was the popular voice against us, that most of the ladies who had attended the convention and signed the declaration one by one withdrew their names and influence and joined our persecutors. Old friends gave us the cold shoulder and our immediate family circles felt themselves disgraced. I confess it was with fear and trembling that I consented to attend a second convention a month afterward in Rochester. Fortunately, the first one seemed to have drawn all our enemies' fire, and so of the second but little was said. But we had set the suffrage ball in motion, and now in quick succession conventions were held in Ohio, Indiana, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and the city of New York, and they have been kept up every year since then.

"I called that first convention in 1848," she continued. "With what I had read of the legal status of women, intensified by my many personal experiences, it seemed as if all the elements had conspired to impel me to some unusual step. My only thought was a public meeting for protest and discussion. In this tempest-tossed condition of mind, I was invited to spend the day with Lucretia Mott, at Seneca Falls, N. Y., where I met several earnest, thoughtful women, and that day I poured out the torrent of my long-accumulating discontent with such vehemence and indignation that I stirred myself and the others to do and dare anything. It moved us to prompt action, for we decided then and there to call a Woman's Rights Convention, and I wrote the call that evening and had it published. The convention, which met for two days in the Methodist Church at Seneca Falls, was a grand success. These

were the hasty initiative steps of what has been called the most momentous reform of the century—the first organized protest against the injustice which has so long ruled over the character and destiny of one-half the human race.

"You ask what particular incidents or line of thought developed the suffrage idea in me," she said. "Well, when I was eleven years old my only brother died. He was my father's pride, and I mechanically attempted to console him. But, heaving a deep sigh, all he said was: 'Oh! my daughter, if you were only a boy!' Throwing my arms about his neck, I said: 'I will try to do all my brother did.' And then and there I resolved that I would study and be at the head of my classes, ride horses, be courageous and learned, like the boys, and thus please my father. They were resolutions never to be forgotten—destined to mold my character anew. For three years I studied at the academy, and one day I won the prize in Greek. Running home, I rushed into my father's office, and laying the prize, a Greek Testament, on his table, exclaimed: 'There, I got it!' He handed the book back to me, though he was evidently pleased, and I waited for him to say something that would recognize the equality of the daughter with the son. But all he said was: 'Ah! you should have been a boy.' And my joy turned to sadness. While I was at the academy soon after, I used to ask the old Doctor to tell my father what excellent progress I was making in all studies, and then I would ask my brother-in-law to tell my father how well I rode horseback, how easily I took a ditch or a fence. But my father's inevitable reply was: 'Oh! she should have been a boy.' Later on, at the age of fifteen, I went to Troy to Mrs. Willard's seminary. Having played with boys all my life I did not consider them any great curiosity, but after I had been at Troy a few days I heard a shout: 'Heads out!' and, expecting to see an elephant or a giraffe, I said: 'What is it? I don't see anything.' 'Why,' said they, 'don't you see those boys crossing the lawn?' 'Well,' I said, 'is that all?'

Again Mrs. Stanton returned to childhood days, saying: "I used often to sit in my father's office and listen to what the clients had to say. The women from the neighborhood came in to make their complaints. At that time all the women of New York State were under the old common law of England. A married woman could not inherit any property; whatever was left her went to her husband. She could not have her own wages; if a woman worked all day long, what she earned belonged to her husband at night, and if you paid her the law would compel you to pay him over again. A woman could not do business in her own name; she could not make a contract; could not sue or be sued; could not own her own children—that is, a married woman. Sitting in my father's office, I thus got my first ideas of our unjust laws. The women would weep, and after they had gone I asked my father why he did nothing for them. 'The law is in the way,' he would reply. So I read those laws in his great books, and then I said to myself: 'If these laws are the things that make all women so miserable I will just take my scissors and cut them out and that will end all their suffering.' As if my father was the only lawyer and those the only law-books in the State.

"This was the first of a succession of incidents which led, twenty-two years after, to my making my first public speech—an address before the Boston Legislature on the 'Married Woman's Property Bill.' The night before I made that address my father implored me to desist, saying he would give me a beautiful house in Boston if I would not deliver the speech. 'Oh!' I said, 'all my life I have had visions of the women that I used to see in such distress in your office, and in my dreams I often see women begging and pleading with me to do something for them, and now that I have this opportunity nothing will induce me to forego the pleasure.' Well, I made my speech—the first woman the Boston Legislature had ever listened to. That same year (1848) the Married Woman's Property Law was passed, and married women have had property rights ever since.

"In 1869 I gave my name to the New York Lyceum Bureau, and on my fifty-fourth birthday began the series of long, weary lecture pilgrimages from Maine to Texas that lasted twelve years. With our great distances it was often necessary to travel day and night, and in those days the fees were from one to two hundred dollars a night, and a great number of speakers were desirous of accomplishing as much as possible. Returning from California in 1871, I made the acquaintance of Bishop Jones, who was very liberal in his ideas, and we discussed all phases of the woman question. He told me about the resolution to take the word 'obey' from the marriage ceremony, which he had introduced into the Methodist Conference and carried. All praise to the Methodist Church! When our girls are educated into a proper self-respect and laudable pride of sex, they will resent all those barbarisms of the past that point to the subject condition of women. Until the other sects follow the Methodist example I hope all our girls will insist upon being married by Methodist Bishops. Indeed, women are gradually waking up to the degradation of these ceremonies. Not long since at a wedding in high life, a beautiful girl of eighteen, in the response, was suddenly struck dumb by the word 'obey.' Three times the priest pronounced it with emphasis, and each time slower than before. Though the magnificent parlors were crowded, a breathless silence reigned. The bride with downcast eyes stood speechless. At last the priest slowly closed his book and said: 'The ceremony is at an end.' One imploring look from the groom and a faint 'obey' was heard in the solemn stillness. The priest unclasped his book and the knot was tied, but the lesson was remembered and many a rebel made by that short pause.

"I think all reverend gentlemen who insist on the word 'obey' in the marriage service should be impeached in the Supreme Court of the United States for a clear violation of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, which says there shall be no slavery or involuntary servitude."—(See front page.)

GILSON WILLETS.

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## RESCUED BY A CAT.

"*All* cats selfish, treacherous and ungrateful! That is a sweeping assertion. A cat once saved my life and for her sake, alone, I must deny your statement."

The young lumber merchant, as he spoke, stroked the beautiful Maltese cat which belonged to me, and which had leaped, uninvited, upon his knee; while she, in return, purred a song of satisfaction. The "where" and the "how" of the story which had induced his exclamation soon followed my earnest request for it.

"The beginning was about twenty years ago, in the old forests of Maine, where, with my parents and my only sister, Margaret, the first care-free and happy years of my life were passed. My father was a poor man, my mother one of the best and dearest of women, and Margie, my sweetheart of a sister, the prettiest creature to love and tease that such a braggart of a boy as I then was could have found in the State.

"She loved cats. All home-loving girls do, I think; but I could not bear to touch them.

"Maltese cats were very rare in our neighborhood, but one day Margie (who was three years younger than I) rescued a half-drowned kitten from out a little pond on the roadside, rolled it up in her apron and brought it home. Its leg was broken. Mother set the fracture and splintered the leg as well as a surgeon could have done, and by the time all four legs were sound that kitten had become the pet of the family—myself, however, not included.

"I named the kitten 'Meg,' in order to tease my sister, and never touched it unless to tweak its tail or to stroke its fur the wrong way.

"About that time a boy's book called 'Jack Halyard's Fortune' fell into my hands and made me—as did Joseph of Bible times—'dream dreams.'

"The experiences of Jack Halyard's boyhood seemed precisely like mine. He was poor and ambitious; so was I. He loved his family and longed to better their condition; so did I. He ran away from home, made his fortune as a sailor, returned, a rich sea-captain, to bless his kindred; why could not I? Oh! the long, wakeful hours of those nights in early spring, when I'd plan how to escape the loving watchfulness of mother, and to turn aside the tender questions of Margie as to what ailed me that I was so restless, I do not like to recall, even now.

"I had been too carefully trained not to know that it was wicked and cowardly to bring sorrow and anxiety into such a blessed household as was ours, by carrying out the plans which daily grew stronger in my mind; but, on the other hand, I was sure that within two short years, at the furthest, I could return from a whaling voyage rich enough to hang pearls and diamonds around Margie's white neck, and to let father live without working the rest of his days.

"The seaport was seven miles distant from our village; a whaler was going to sail for Greenland in a few days; a cabin boy was wanted for it; a stage-coach, which passed within a mile of our house four times a week, would land me at the wharf (where 'Snowbound' lay) about ten o'clock at night; so all was in my favor and I made my decision.

"My bundle of clothes was concealed behind the woodpile in the back yard when I kissed all good-night, as usual (under pretense that I would go to bed early), and, for once, I patted Meg on the head, and stepped over, instead of upon, her as she lay curled up, like a muff, before the hearth-fire.

"A drizzling rain was falling as I turned my back upon my home and sneaked away like a thief. I heard the faint cry of a cat when I had gone about half a mile. I could distinctly hear it, even through the soughing of the wind among the pines. At no other time would I have stopped for such a call, but my heart was very tender at that moment, and when I cried 'Puss! puss!' a cat brushed against my legs. It was Meg. I stooped and lifted the little wet creature into my arms, and she cuddled inside of my coat as though I had been Margie. Fact!

"I had not ceased wondering what made her follow *me* when I heard the stage stop at the station and the driver's halloo—

"'Any passengers?'

"I sprang forward and put Meg on the ground, saying to myself, as I did so: 'If she turns back I'll go, too.'

"'Hurry up, youngster! I'm late. Get inside, there's plenty of room,' the driver shouted, and before I had my foot on the step Meg had leaped in ahead of me.

"By eleven o'clock the next morning the 'Snowbound' had sailed, and I was on her. I left a letter for the folks with the driver and told them not to worry; that Meg had come with me for good luck, and that I would bring her home with diamonds in her ears.

"Of course nothing on the ship was what I had expected, but the further north that we sailed the thicker and more beautiful Meg's coat became; and her eyes—well, they grew so much like Margie's, both in color and expression, that many times, when no one saw me, I put kisses between them. The captain was a rough, unsympathetic man, and the majority of the crew much of the same type. Had it not been for Meg and the first mate, I'd have died from homesickness. That cat seemed as much at home on the ship as a seagull on the water. She climbed the rigging like a squirrel, made friends with the sailors, crept into their bunks and knocked their pipes off their racks, shared their mess, and showed no limit to the variety of her pretty, graceful tricks. Even the captain yielded to her fascinations, and often, when he was writing in his log-book she would sit upon his desk and watch his hands, looking meanwhile as wise as Minerva.

"I learned then what love can do, even toward developing the intelligence of a dumb animal. I think—cats aside—that love is the mightiest power in the universe when we let it have its own wise way.

"Unless one has sailed along the coast of Labrador, it is not easy to imagine how rough and bleak it is. We had nearly passed it when we met a moving iceberg. I remember thinking, as we approached it, that it looked like a magnificent castle of crystal, more glittering and radiant than could have been built by any architect but Aladdin's genii of the wonderful lamp. Suddenly, it struck our ship; every timber in her seemed to shiver, she careened, there were a few minutes of horror, and that is all I can remember.

"When I recovered consciousness Meg was licking my face with her warm, rough little tongue. I was lying under some huge gray bowlders which line the coast, and of our crew, ship and provisions nothing remained but seven men, which included the captain and my friend, the first mate.

"The latter had swam with me to shore, managed to land me and then fainted from exhaustion. How Meg was saved, no one knew; it seemed a miracle.

"We had been wrecked near a small, uninhabited island, which, with the exception of a little pool of clear water, and an acrid weed, then dry, was as barren as a desert.

"Meg was the first to explore the island. She found little, wriggling, hairy, lizard-shaped things in the sand about the size of a large shrimp. These she killed with a stroke of her paw, shut her eyes and then swallowed. She seemed to invite me to do the same, but it was impossible.

"When hunger first seized me I found in my pocket a piece of sea-biscuit. It had been soaked in sea-brine, but it tasted better then than fruitcake does now.

"A tarpaulin had floated ashore. This the men hoisted upon the rocks for a signal by day, but at night we huddled beneath it to keep warm, wedging our bodies together as closely as possible.

"I might tell you of the awful horrors of being shipwrecked after such a fashion; of the agonies of hunger; of the slow torture of suspense when day by day slips away and no friendly sail appears to fill one's soul with hope that relief was near; but I will not. It is Meg's story that I am telling, and not the never-to-be-forgotten reality of which she formed a part.

"We ceased to count the days. One of our seven men died, and not having the strength to dig a hole in which to lay his poor body, we rolled it over the rocks into the sea.

"My dreams were a mockery; so are those of all starving people. Thank God, I could sleep. In those dreams I'd see oceans of foaming buttermilk and an iceberg palace of pumpkin pies, only to awake to a gnawing sensation in my empty stomach which is indescribable.

"We were starving. Meg always slept between the first mate and myself, and I think it was the warmth in her little body which helped to keep life in mine. To this day I cannot hear a cat purr without a recollection of those awful nights when her purring and its association with home, peace and plenty seemed all that saved me from losing my mind.

"It was in the early gray of a certain morning when I was awakened by a low conversation between the captain and a Portuguese named Campo, who lay near him.

"'It's been done before,' said Campo, 'and may have to be done again.'

"'Sh! This is dreadful, Campo,' said the captain. 'For my part, I'd rather die.'

"'But it's better to live if one can,' replied Campo. 'There's Ned, now. He'll soon die, anyhow. Do you see how he staggers when he walks? He's young and don't count for much.'

"I was Ned. What was Campo planning? Why so much secrecy? My hair stood on end with some undefined horror.

"There was a moment of silence; then the captain slowly said: 'Suppose we kill poor Meg! After all, she's only a cat. But it will break Ned's heart.'

"Campo made no reply. I think he loved Meg. Had I heard aright? The plan slowly dawned upon me. It was to kill Meg and to eat her.

"My blood began to circulate again. Instinctively I put out my hand to her accustomed place; she was not there. Instead of her affectionate purring I could hear the booming of the sullen waves as they dashed against the rocks, for there had been a strong wind all night. Perhaps some of the starving men had already killed her and eaten her while the others slept! I think I lived a year in that one moment of anxiety.

"Crawling out as best I could from my comrades in misery, I walked along the shore, calling as loudly as possible: 'Meg, Meg, oh Meg!'

"Then I listened, and heard a faint mew in reply. She was far off. The sound came from the direction of the rocks, but it gave me strength. Hurrying toward them and still calling, Meg suddenly ran against me. As I stooped to lift her in my arms and to kiss her in my joy I smelt butter upon her nose and whiskers. Actually it was butter. Breaking from me, she returned to the rocks, I following her as fast as I could move.

"There, stranded between two jutting peaks, where it had been dashed by the friendly waves, was a large, broken firkin of good old New England butter.

"Meg's scent had saved us. We all lived on that butter like the Eskimos do on whale's blubber, and in four more days a vessel, en route for Newfoundland, rescued us. Well, I brought Meg back without the diamond earrings and pearl necklace, but mother said that Meg brought *me* back, which was far better, and that I had learned my needed lesson—that 'There's no place like home.' I seemed ten years older than when I had left it in such a cowardly fashion.

"Meg was as loyal to me on land as she had been at sea. Some years after she was at Margie's wedding, wearing around her neck a frill of white silk tulle made of the same material as my sister's bridal veil. She died simply of old age. For Meg's sake I like all cats, and, somehow, they all like me."

The story was ended, and the cat that had jumped upon the narrator's lap never moved, but winked knowingly, as though she knew more than she could tell.

I believe she did. NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

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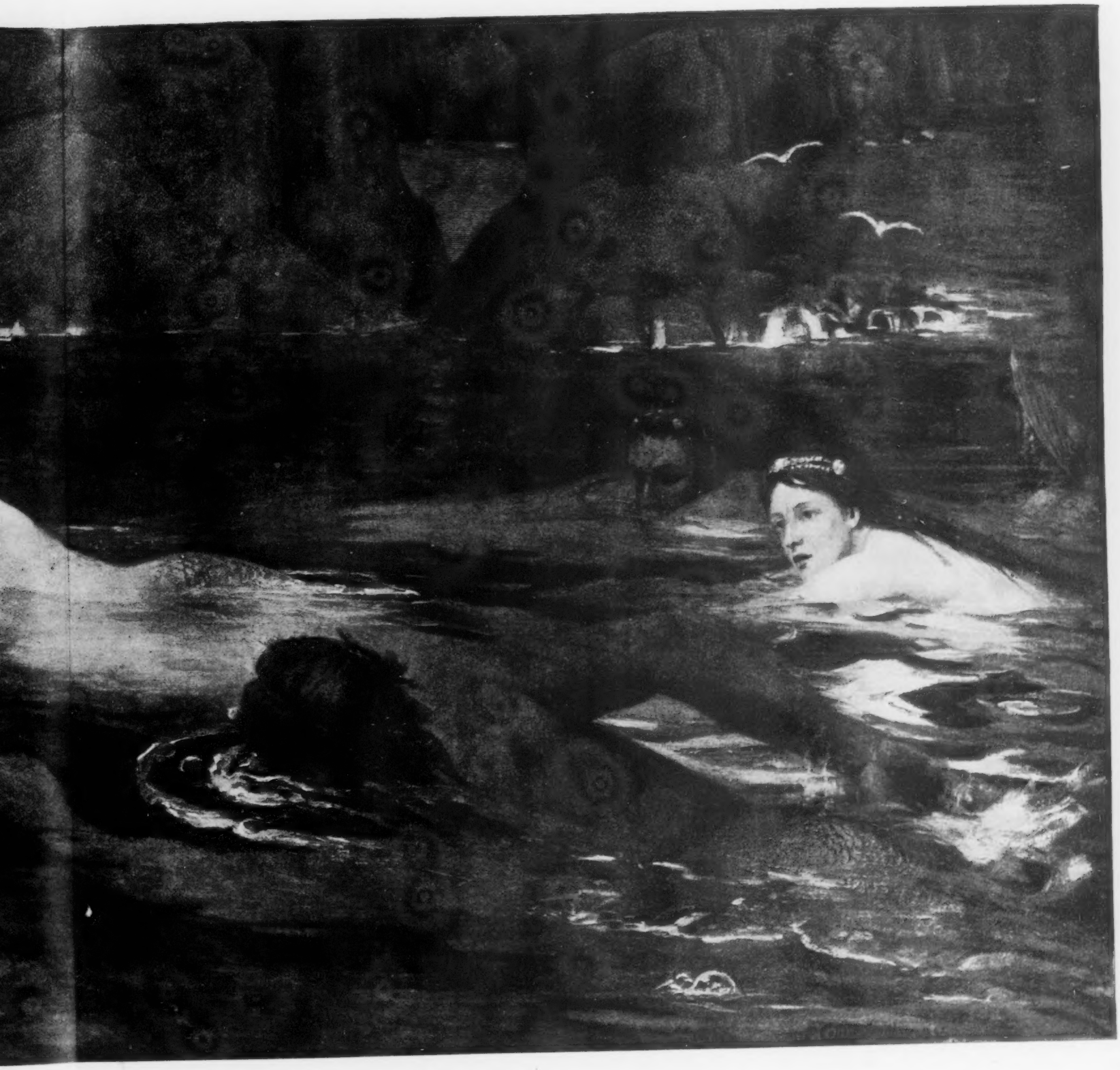
A RACE: MERMA

FROM THE PAINTI



ERMAIDS AND TRITONS.

THE PAINTING BY C. SMITHERS.

# THE PRECURSOR OF POE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

No. I.

There is no literary reputation in America, and few literary names of the last half-century, that evoke the curious, haunting memory which belongs to Poe. A new and well-authenticated poem bearing his name, which Mr. R. H. Stoddard says he believes it will never be possible at this date to find, would make a tremendous literary event. The discovery of a new Shakespearean play might be more interesting to more people; but in America, and in France, where Poe's influence has distinctly touched two groups of authors belonging to two generations, a genuine Poe discovery would, with large numbers, take precedence.

One may state the fact without being able to give it critical justification. In fact, the critic of Poe as a poet cannot reasonably account for him and his fame. A great deal of the verse that he wrote, if it was presented to-day for the first time, would attract little attention. If you take away from his body of poetry—which is not a large quantity taken altogether—"The Raven," "Annabel Lee," and possibly one or two more of the poems, in which list "The Bells," for its *bizarreness*, might be included, what, really, would there be left to found this singular and unchallenged fame upon?

But no such treatment would be detrimental to Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson or Lowell; and Holmes and Whittier could bear it equally well without essential loss of distinction. What was it, then, that Poe contributed to literature which so tingles the nerves and stirs up pulsations of delight? It is certainly nothing that he offers in the domain of thought. He settles no real problems, nor discusses them even, nor peers into them. In one or two passages in Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," and on almost any page of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," can be found more criticism of life, which is what Matthew Arnold calls the function of poetry, than there is in all the poems Poe ever wrote. No great poet that we know drifted so far away from Arnold's ideal as Poe did; while some of our minor poets fulfill it to a very high degree.

Certainly somewhere and somehow he had and gave charm; and Arnold said also:

> "Charm is the glory which makes
> Song of the poet divine."

This charm, too, may have been heightened, or made piquant, by his romantic and desolate career. Such a career, marking nearly a whole life, and ending it with a sharp climax so inverted from what we could wish it to have been, no doubt gives added interest to his work. It gives it, because it seems so hard that a man of so ethereal genius should not have been a crowned prince instead of being driven to a lifelong struggle which he was ill-fitted to maintain. You cannot harness humming-birds as common carriers, nor spirits like Poe's to prosaic daily concerns. Yet the world has no allowance to make for this lack of adaptation. It cares little at the time the poet is living what becomes of that most precious commodity which is called genius, nor did it ever care. But it will rave over and dote upon it a generation after the time help and honors have ceased to be of any earthly avail. Was it not long ago said

> "Seven cities claimed the birth of Homer, dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread"?

Yet if Poe felt impediments acutely, a romantic career, with poverty and various ills combined, will not create a genius as it sometimes will not suppress one. Poe, it must be conceded, had a hard, tragical fate; and for his waywardness we need not stop to partition the blame. Differ here as we may, it is not denied that he brought to us, independently of his condition, a bouquet of thrilling verse that seems to hold perennially its place, its beauty and its wonder, and to glow ever afresh "in the corridors of Time." There was at any rate some subtle substance, or color, or melody in it, that the world does not willingly let die. From his best pages exhales an aroma that his imitators do not quite repeat, and cannot produce. There was a mold of form, and a music which were, as the world thinks, his own, but which have been echoed more or less, and have influenced other poets—notably Baudelaire and Swinburne. Nor would the modern decadents have been just what they are if Poe had not lived, and written as he did.

But, in writing thus far, and saying these few things, I am not aiming to enlarge the quantity of Poe criticism which we now have, or to even emphasize the mental picture of Poe which is already very definite in the public mind. My purpose, rather, is to speak of a poet little known now, who once made claim to be, or whose friends assert was, Poe's precursor. That he came very near to being a considerable poet, and that he embodies more of the Poe atmosphere and melody than exist anywhere out of Poe's verse, will not be hard to prove.

This author, as was true of Poe himself, belonged to the South; but of his life I have no details whatever, except that he was a doctor and lived during his later years at least in Georgia. Before Poe was known, this poet—T. H. Chivers, M.D.—was writing various weird and musical lyrics which I presume went from time to time through the Southern press. Nearly sixty years ago he began collecting them in book form; and there were seven or eight volumes of them in all—a much more voluminous poetical legacy than Poe's. I have only seen one of these volumes, but the following list gives the names of all the books Chivers wrote, so far as I can discover,* in the order of their appearance:

"Nacooche, or the Beautiful Star, with other Poems," 12mo., pp. 153, New York, 1837; "The Lost Pleiad, and other Poems," 8vo., pp. 32, New York, 1845; "Eonchs of Ruby; A Gift of Love," 8vo., pp. 108, New York, 1851; "Memoralia, or Phials of Amber," "Full of the Tears of Love," "A Gift for the Beautiful," 12mo., pp. 168, Philadelphia, 1853; "Virginalia, or Songs of My Summer Nights and Gift of Love for the Beautiful," 12mo., pp. 132, Philadelphia, 1853; "The Sons of Usna: A Tragic Apotheosis in Five Acts," pp. 92, Philadelphia, 1858.

It would be difficult, ordinarily, to write about a poet from a mere consideration of one of his many volumes, and I feel the limitation this attempt imposes. But it is admitted, I believe, by the few who know the most of Chivers, that he put his characteristic, and probably his best, work in the third volume which he issued—"The Eonchs of Ruby." And it is this volume which I have before me. The motto on the title-page of it is as follows:

> "The precious music of the heart."—Wordsworth.

The publishers were Spalding & Shepard of New York. The publishers of the remaining volumes I do not know, and I regret that I cannot give their title-pages as completely as I have that of the volume which is at hand.

It will be noticed at once that Chivers did not abide altogether by the dictionary, as no such word as "Eonchs" exists. But more of this tendency of his to speak large, sonorously, and with independence, will appear later on.

The most Poe-like, and the best of his pieces in this volume, is undoubtedly his "Lily Adair." If he really wrote this poem before Poe was known to him the coincidence of accent, rhythm and style with Poe's work suggests a curious study. Although the date of the book containing it was too late to show an antecedence to Poe, the separate pieces in the book must have preceded that year by a distance not now to be determined. It must be remembered, too, that the two volumes which were first issued by Chivers were given to the public, the second six years and the first fourteen years before "The Eonchs of Ruby" appeared; so that, if we properly antedate the poems Chivers collected in 1837, we find him writing in the Poe manner over sixty years ago—perhaps over seventy years ago.

But here is the poem, and it will tell, in part at least, its own story:

LILY ADAIR.

I.

> The Apollo Belvidere was adorning *
> The Chamber where Eulalie lay,
> While Aurora, the Rose of the Morning,
> Smiled full in the face of the Day.
> All around stood the beautiful Graces
> Bathing Venus—some combing her hair—
> While she lay in her husband's embraces
> A-moulding my Lily Adair—
> Of my fawn-like Lily Adair—
> Of my dove-like Lily Adair—
> Of my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

II.

> Where the Oreads played in the Highlands,
> And the Water-Nymphs bathed in the streams,
> In the tall Jasper Reeds of the Islands—
> She wandered in life's early dreams.
> For the Wood-Nymphs then brought from the Wildwood
> The turtle doves Venus kept there,
> Which the Dryades named, in his childhood,
> For Cupid, to Lily Adair—
> To my dove-like Lily Adair—
> To my lamb-like Lily Adair—
> To my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

III.

> Where the Opaline Swan circled, singing,
> With her cider-down Cygnets at noon,
> In the tall Jasper Reeds that were springing
> From the marge of the crystal Lagoon—
> Rich Canticles, clarion-like, golden,
> Such as only true love can declare,
> Like an Archangel's voice in times olden—
> I went with my Lily Adair—
> With my lamb-like Lily Adair—
> With my saint-like Lily Adair—
> With my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

IV.

> Her eyes, lily-lidded, were azure,
> Cerulean, celestial, divine—
> Suffused with the soul-light of pleasure,
> Which drew all the soul out of mine.
> She had all the rich grace of the Graces,
> And all that they had not to spare;
> For it took all their beautiful faces
> To make one for Lily Adair—
> For my Christ-like Lily Adair—
> For my Heaven-born Lily Adair—
> For my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

V.

> She was fairer by far than that Maiden,
> The star-bright Cassiope,
> Who was taken by Angels to Aiden,
> And crowned with eternity.
> For her beauty the Sea-Nymphs offended,
> Because so surpassingly fair;
> And so death then the precious life ended
> Of my beautiful Lily Adair—
> Of my Heaven-born Lily Adair—
> Of my star-crowned Lily Adair—
> Of my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

VI.

> From her Paradise-Isles in the ocean,
> To the beautiful City of On,
> By the mellifluent rivers of Goshen,
> My beautiful Lily is gone!
> In her Chariot of Fire translated,
> Like Elijah, she passed through the air,
> To the City of God golden-gated—
> The Home of my Lily Adair—
> Of my star-crowned Lily Adair—
> Of my God-loved Lily Adair—
> Of my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

VII.

> On the vista-path made by the Angels,
> In her Chariot of Fire, she rode,
> While the Cherubim sang their Evangels—
> To the Gates of the City of God,
> For the Cherubim-band that went with her,
> I saw them pass out of the air—
> I saw them go up through the ether
> Into Heaven with my Lily Adair—
> With my Christ-like Lily Adair—
> With my God-loved Lily Adair—
> With my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

Here, without question, is a typical breath of the Poe afflatus, which it needs no delicate ear to detect. The sacrifice of sense to sound is sometimes extreme, but the fault in a lesser degree was also Poe's. If you forget it, or pardon it in "Lily Adair," you will feel the same flow of consonance and melody that was a supreme and characteristic part of Poe's endowment. In another poem, which is entitled "Love," appears the note or echo of "The Bells." I quote below a few stanzas from it:

> What is it that makes the maiden
> So like Christ in Heaven above?
> Or, like Heavenly Eve in Aiden,
> Meeting Adam, blushing?—love—
> Love, love, love!
> *Echo*
> Love!
>
> What is it that makes the murmur
> Of the plaintive turtle dove
> Fill our hearts with so much summer
> Till they melt to passion?—love—
> Love, love, love!
> *Echo*
> Love!
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Like the peace-song of the Angels
> Sent to one from Heaven above
> Who believes in Christ's Evangels
> Is the voice of one in love—
> Love, love, love!
> *Echo*
> Love!
>
> * * * * * * *

If this poem merely followed "The Bells" we should call it a very weak washing of Poe's chalice; but, if it preceded that poem, it may have given to Poe the hint on which he wrought his far superior production.

(*Concluded in next number.*)

* In the "Diversion of the Echo Club," there is reference to a seventh volume by Chivers, titled "Facets of Diamonds." Allibone's supplement mentions also an eighth, titled "Atlanta; or The True Blessed Island of Poesy;" a Paul epic in three lustra; Macon, Georgia, 1855, 8vo. [While this article is going to press I find a record of what must be this prolific poet's first book, and it is titled as follows, "Conrad and Eudora; or The Death of Alonzo. A Threnody," 16mo., pp. 144, Philadelphia, 1834.]

* It was a beautiful idea of the Greeks that the procreation of beautiful children might be promoted by keeping in their sleeping apartments an Apollo or Hyacinthus. In this way they not only patronized Art, but begat a likeness of their own love.

# AN INCIDENT OF THE HONEYMOON.

A MONOLOGUE.

*Dramatis Personæ.* Mr. Dick Newlywed.
*Scene.* Mr. Newlywed's rooms in hotel.
*Time.* Afternoon.

*Newlywed* (entering and scanning ruefully long bill). By George! they do know how to tuck it on at these hotels! It wouldn't be so bad if one could feel that he had got half even by tucking *in* a little more. I wonder why it is that a newly married couple eat about as much on their wedding trip as a pair of convalescent cherubims? Clara hasn't eaten a square meal for the last week. I'm sure I don't know how much she eat the week *before* we were married. Now, if we could keep that sort of thing up afterward, you know, housekeeping wouldn't be the expensive luxury some of those old married cynics say it is. At all events, the bills wouldn't be as long as this one. (Reading) R. Newlywed, board and lodging, self and wife, one week, forty-two dollars. That's only six dollars a day, with the accent on the only. Meals in room, extra, nine dollars. I suppose the forty-two dollars is ordinary. Now we come to the extraordinary. Livery, seventeen dollars. Having secured the livery, so to speak, we can now drive on down to the laundry. Laundry, three dollars. That's cheap. Bar, twenty-three dollars. Bar! bar! Has Clara been crossing the bar, too? Surely those few little excursions of mine to the bar, and that little party with those acting people the other night, haven't amounted to twenty-three dollars? Oh, it's monstrous! Thank goodness, the eighty dollars I *didn't* win at poker isn't included. Clara will insist on seeing this bill. She has threatened the most rigid economy—when we get back home. Thank goodness, again, that will be to-morrow. I must get them to make this bill out again, and leave that bar item out. Next, telephone in room, five dollars. There's a nice specimen of Clara's idea of economy! A special phone in the room so she could talk every morning to her precious relatives two hundred miles away, and not feel homesick. Telephone messages, four dollars. A dollar every morning, I suppose, for telling her mother what a charming hubby she has got. Her mother! That's *my* mother-in-law, isn't it? I must tell Clara to be careful. Express charges, thirteen dollars and fifty cents. Express charges! Oh, I see! Clara has had her mother send on the wedding presents that arrived after we left. So *that* accounts for all the bric-à-brac I've seen lying around the room for the last three or four days, and that *I* thought Clara had bought when she was out shopping. They might just as well have added the thirteen dollars and fifty cents it will cost to ship the rubbish back again. I'll bet the whole lot ain't worth twenty-seven dollars. Well, here's the last, sundries, seven dollars. Don't say what the sundries are, though. Charges for making out the bill and stationery incidental, I suppose. Total, one hundred and thirty-three dollars and fifty cents. That's about twenty dollars a day, not to count tips and trips and all that sort of thing. Well, I suppose I'd better settle it now, and not leave everything to the last minute. I'll ring up the office and ask the clerk to come up here. (Rings phone.) Hello, that the office? Ask the clerk to come up

GOING WEST.

The advice given by Horace Greeley so many years ago, to go west, is being followed every day by an increasingly large number of men and women. Some go to stay, to build up new homes, others for pleasure, and others go to look after great business interests, but they all want and they one and all wish to go by a route which combines safety, speed and convenience in traveling. This is the reason why so many choose the Nickel Plate Road. From Buffalo to Chicago its line lies almost as straight as an arrow, and intersected at such frequent intervals by connecting roads that the map looks as if the road should be named "Through Line to Everywhere." More than thirty connections are given, reaching out in every direction. Then, too, many travelers demand a certain amount of luxury when traveling, and Wagner cars between New York, Boston, Buffalo and Chicago, the Uniformed Colored Porters in charge of day coaches, and the Unsurpassed Dining Car Service, supply this. Accommodations may be secured in advance by addressing Mr. F. J. Moore, 23 Exchange Street, Buffalo, N.Y. He can give details as to rates, connections and all necessary arrangements, both east and west of Chicago.—From Elmira (N. Y.) *Journal.*

here when he's disengaged, will you? Mr. Newlywed's room. Fancy *having* to pay a bill like that! One doesn't mind running it up, but when it comes to *settling* it up— Where the devil is my pocketbook? Where *is* my pocketbook? What have I done with it? Good heavens! every dollar I've got is in that pocketbook: One hundred and thirty-three—no, that's the amount of the bill. Confound the bill! (Phone rings.) Oh, go to the devil! (Rushes to phone.) Well, what is it? Oh, that's the clerk! Did I want to see you? Did I want you to come up here? No, certainly not! The boy said—Oh, he's crazy! What the deuce do I want to see the clerk about—*now?* Oh, I *can't* have lost it! Perhaps it's in my overcoat! (Seizes overcoat and searches pocket frantically, pulling pockets and sleeves inside out.) Great Vanderbilt! (rushes to door). Clara! Clara! Have you seen my pocketbook? *Clara!!!* Oh, I forgot! She's out driving. Well, that's a blessing, after all. But, good heavens! what *am* I to do? This bill must be paid. They won't let us out of the house till it's paid. Of course they won't. And I'll be arrested as a swindler, as an impostor, as a bogus English lord, or something, and Clara will go into hysterics, and there will be the devil and all to pay, besides the bill! Oh, the prospect's perfectly lovely, lovely! But perhaps I didn't look thoroughly. It may have slipped into the lining. (Takes off coat and pounds it on table.) By Jove! perhaps it's in my valise! Of course it's in my valise! What an ass I am not to have thought of that! It must be in one of my other coats! (opens valise, turns things out, examines coats, etc.). Not a sign! Oh, this is awful! (sinks into chair). Train due to start in less than half an hour, and Clara will be back here any minute, and—then (stares at ceiling, and then suddenly jumps up). Christopher! I know what I've done with it! I remember now! Fool! Idiot! When I was leaving this morning I gave that old fisherman my pocketbook, my *pocketbook* with *three hundred dollars* in it, in mistake for my book of flies, as a little present! Oh, I will go crazy! No, I can't do that! I *am* crazy! (Phone rings.) There's the office! They want that bill settled! I must put them off! I'll have to delay leaving the hotel till I can go after that old thief of a fisherman. By Jove! he must have thought he caught a sucker! But, hang it all, he isn't a thief! I *gave* it to him. And then, it's twenty miles out there, and I mightn't find him. And if I did find him, I might find I did give him the book of flies, after all! By George! my head's going round so, I don't know what to think! (Phone rings.) There they are again! I must bluff them! I *will* bluff them! (Goes to phone.) Well, hello! Yes, this is Mr. Newlywed. (Aside) You bet it's Mr. Newlywed! I wish it wasn't. I wish it was Mr. Oldwed or Mr. Unwed. Well, hello! What's that? Train is at the door? Cab starts in twenty minutes? No, no—yes, I hear what you mean. I wish I didn't. They mean they want that bill settled. Well? What's that? Mrs. Newlywed has just come in? All right. Tell her not to come up. No necessity. I'll be down directly (leaving phone). Great Scott! I don't want Clara up here! She'd take a fit! (Phone rings.) The devil! Well, what is it? Is the bill all right? Oh, yes, the *bill's* all right. Perfectly. What's that? You sent the luggage on ahead to the station? That's right. No objection to that. Wish they'd sent *me* on ahead to the station. Eh? Will the boy come up and bring down valises now? Oh, no, thank you. I'll bring 'em down myself in the elevator. They ain't quite ready yet. I wish it *was* an elevator in my case. I'd go *up* then. What's that? Mrs. Newlywed is having her jewelry taken out of the safe—yes—and wants to know if she will send up my pocketbook, or (skips down from phone). There! I knew it! Confound it! why couldn't I remember I gave the clerk that pocketbook this morning to take care of while I was on that fishing trip? (Phone rings.) Oh, ring away! all serene! (jamming things into valise as well as bill). I know! I've got just five minutes to catch that train! Where the devil have I put that bill? (Rushes out.)

JEREMY CLAY.

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TOKAY LIVES LONGEST.—There is a wine cellar under a public house in Warsaw where the rarest Tokay in the world is stored. The place has been used as a wine cellar for four centuries, and by the family of the present owner for about three centuries. Tokay is said to be the only wine that goes on improving forever. Champagne lives from twelve to twenty-five years at the outside, and then every other bottle will be corked; Bordeaux and Burgundy may not be trusted much beyond 1868; port, with its proverbial longevity, is generally but labor and sorrow by the centenary; even brandy has not much greater vitality. "I tasted a thimbleful of Tokay authenticated 1606," says a writer in the *Saturday Review*, "and the exquisite memory will always linger on my palate. Only ten dozen of it remained a couple of years ago, and, taking compound interest into consideration, it seems dirt cheap at six pounds the bottle; 1652 costs five pounds a bottle; 1682, four pounds ten shillings; 1734, four pounds, and 1754, three pounds ten shillings. From 1781 to 1836 the prices range from three pounds to one pound four shillings the bottle, and after 1866 excellent Tokay may be bought by the cask. For a little over sixty pounds you may purchase a cask of the year 1868 containing one hundred and eighty bottles." Bottles of this wine are kept in an upright position, and with the corks loosely inserted, not hammered down and sealed. These are essentials for keeping Tokay in perfect condition, and there is this advantage in so keeping them, that a sample, even of the oldest vintage, may be taken out and tasted at any moment without impairing the contents. Moreover, a bottle may be shaken to any extent without risk.

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Wife (screaming)—"John! John! wake up! I just dreamed that you died and went to heaven."

Husband (drowsily)—"Well, what of it?"

Wife—"Wake up, John! Don't you know that dreams always go by contraries?"

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ALTHOUGH rice is such a universal article of food, it is not so nourishing as wheat or some other grains. More than nine-tenths of its substance consists of starch and water; consequently it forms more fat than muscle.

# INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

LACROSSE in Canada and baseball in the United States having made way for a time upon the boards of national athletic popularity for their more boisterous brother, football, and the sun of that rugged, if short-lived, pastime already verging Westward—with the white dawn of the approaching winter looming in the East—it does not seem inappropriate or premature to consider the possibilities of international hockey during the oncoming season of snow and ice. Particularly is this so in view of the anouncement through the athletic columns of the press that a Canadian hockey team, composed of the best exponents of the Dominion's national winter game, will visit New York between Christmas and New Year's and play matches with All America, the St. Nicholas Skating Club, and a team made up of players from the several colleges which have added hockey to their already ample curriculum of sports. These matches, it is presumed—if the announcement is consummated—will be played under both the American and the Canadian rules, if the Americans have not discarded their own game and adopted that of the more northern country. There is ground for belief that at least the collegians may have decided to adopt the rules governing hockey as played in Canada; as, at the close of their visit to the Dominion during the season of 1894-5, they were unanimous in the frank admission that the Canadian game was greatly superior to their own. The American intercollegiate team, representing Yale, Harvard and Brown Universities, was composed for the greater part of men famous from one end of the continent to the other as tennis cracks, such players as Malcolm Chase, Larned, Foote and A. M. Pope being among the number; and to the Canadian eye an element of tennis appeared to be a factor in the hockey played by the Americans under their own rules. Apart from the fact that under the American rules a team was made up of four men, while Canadian hockey is played with seven a side, the visitors' game introduced a rubber *ball*—which was kept principally on the bounce—and sticks bearing scarcely any resemblance to those used in the Canadian game, the Canadian stick being flat and light, and having a greater length of curve, for the purpose of pushing or "playing" the rubber disc used in Canadian hockey over the ice, or "lifting" it; while the sticks of the Americans were heavier, the reverse in conformation of the Canadian sticks, and were used more as bats than anything else.

As everybody knows, the scientific and consequently visual beauty of Canadian hockey is due to the strict enforcement of the rule known as "Off-side," which stipulates that the puck when sent forward or toward the opposing goal by a player cannot be touched by the stick of a player upon the same side until it has been touched by an opposing stick, *unless* the said player upon the same side was *behind*, or horizontally not in advance of, the man who played the puck at the time it was sent forward. In other words, the puck cannot be passed forward; but as a player advances down the ice with the puck he may pass the rubber across the ice or at a retrograde angle to the horizontal. In this manner the rubber is cleverly passed between the forwards of a team, who are meantime skating rapidly toward the goal in view; and this constitutes what is known as combination or team play and which makes a first-class game so beautiful to see. Or a brilliant individual player may carry the puck forward, and by a series of clever dodges and skillful plays, go through the opposing line of forwards and past the point and cover-point as well, with the little elusive disc still at the end of his ever-moving stick; and ultimately terminate a brilliant "run" by scoring a goal—if he is lucky. It is obvious that under such conditions the game, when played by fast, sure and clever skaters and first-class exponents, must be scientific and beautiful, as indeed it is, to see. The matches played in Canada last winter under American rules appeared slow and tame to the native eye, accustomed to see, though never weary of seeing, the swift movement, clever dodging and passing, combination play, long "lifting" and wonderfully quick stops made in goal of fast shots, all of which serve to keep the average spectator of first-class hockey in an excited and enthusiastic condition from the beginning to the end of the game. The Canadian teams—in the several cities where the international matches were played—while possessing the advantage of being made up of men who were through natural climatical influences strong skaters, were as much strangers to the American game as the visitors were to the rules governing Canadian hockey. Nevertheless, much amusement was afforded the spectators, and on the whole no little excitement; and the visitors returned home with a fair share of victories to their credit, and well pleased with their experience, after having voluntarily confessed their admiration for the beauty and superiority of the Canadian game.

If, as is stated will be the case, two Canadian crack hockey teams during the coming season go to New York and other American cities where the weather is such that hockey can be played, and play a series of exhibition matches between themselves, a stimulus should be given the great winter game in those places which will eventually result, and at no very remote period, in hockey becoming *the* great winter game of the people of New York and other American cities where ice is for at least two or three months in the year. The American citizen, old or young, is not one whit behind his neighbor over the line in disinterested keenness and enthusiasm for all that is scientific, blood-stirring and beautiful to see in athletics. Nor are the Canadian and American girls and their mammas, always young, less exuberant than their fathers and brothers and cousins in matters appertaining to athletic life, which is in English-speaking countries at the present stage of the world's career such a prominent factor of life itself. Any tepid, non-athletic, skeptical individual, who has no time or inclination for exercise, but lots of time to cultivate internal disorder, need only go to a first-class Canadian championship lacrosse match or an American league ball game or intercollegiate football match, and keep but one eye—if he can—on the play, and the other on the feminine portion of the audience—if he can only spare one eye in that case also—to have his skepticism at once and forever dissipated. It may be argued by those whose opinions are hampered by an overzealous national bias that even with the most favorable climatic conditions existing in American cities as they exist in Canada, hockey could never attain the popularity there that it has in the country north of the boundary line. But the arguments, based upon past experience, that apply to baseball and lacrosse from a national point of view do not apply to hockey. Baseball has been tried in Canada and lacrosse in the States; and while each will always have its following in foreign territory, and may possibly have a bright little future before it there, neither game can ever usurp the national position of the other. Every man for his own, says some one; and therefore every nation for its own. One might as well try and substitute baseball or lacrosse for cricket in the little country where it always has been, and is, and always will be played under the most favorable popular national patronage. But the American cities climatically favorable to hockey have not any athletic winter game occupying the same position toward the people that hockey occupies toward the Canadian people, or sufficiently fast and scientific and *live* to win large public patronage and keep the onlookers amused and enthusiastic as baseball and lacrosse keep their respective audiences in the States and Canada amused and enthusiastic. For these reasons, therefore, I believe that if two first-class hockey teams from Canada visited the States this coming winter and play matches between themselves before large crowds—as they should if the matter is properly handled, and the people are sufficiently curious and awake to a good thing—hockey, governed by the Canadian rules of the game, will receive an impetus that will result in the game being played on scores of rinks in the States in the course of a winter or two, and before audiences sufficiently large and enthusiastic to insure hockey there the splendid and permanent success which it enjoys in Canada.

A league could be established by the clubs of the American cities, as exists in Quebec and Ontario, and further West; and at the end of the season the leading teams of both countries could play one international championship match, or two out of three, either on the ice of a neutral rink or on the ice of the team having the greatest number of victories or goals won in its own league for the season—in which case, of course, each league would have to embrace an equal number of matches in its schedule. If such a league was formed in the States, a Canadian league could then be formed embracing all the senior clubs of every Province; and hockey would thus, as a national and international game, stand second to none, and would occupy, besides, a unique position. Moreover, teams from either country could cross the line during the season and play a series of exhibition matches; in which way the game would be constantly stimulated and made more perfect in both countries—if, indeed, hockey in Canada has either room for added perfection or need of further stimulus.

International competition must be the greatest spur to athletics or sport of any kind, as has been proved during the past season in yachting, rowing, running and field sports, as well as cricket, tennis and chess. Why, then, should not hockey, "as she is played" in Canada, be introduced in every American city where the game could be played, and reign a king of winter sports, a sort of wintry athletic Colossus with one foot—or skate—on American ice and the other on Canadian?

By all means let us have international hockey, that, apart from its intrinsic value, it may become a strand of that invisible wire, to quote the utterances of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew at the recent banquet given the Cambridge University athletic team in New York, over which will flash the feeling and the sentiment which promote the peace of the world and the grandeur of nations.

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## THE POPULARITY OF THE BICYCLE.

IT is difficult to realize the extent to which bicycling has as a pastime has grown in this country, to say nothing about the application of the wheel to practical purposes. *Hardware*, one of the organs of the metal trade, recently solicited the opinions of the leading bicycle manufacturers of the country as to the number of bicycles manufactured in America during 1895, and the probable output for 1896. The responses, which are from the leading manufacturers of the country, place the output for 1895 anywhere from four hundred thousand to seven hundred and fifty thousand and that of 1896 from six hundred thousand to one million. A fair average of these opinions would bring the prophecy for 1896 to near seven hundred and fifty thousand wheels. The general opinion is that prices will remain about the same as 1895. The fear is expressed by some manufacturers that the business will be overdone, more especially in the cheaper grades, although production will be restricted somewhat by the inability to obtain material. No fear is expressed in any quarter of there being any falling off in the demand because of a waning interest of the public.

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JOHNNY'S INFERENCE.

Johnny—"I suppose papa didn't bother *his* papa much asking questions."

Mamma—"Why do you think so, Johnny?"

Johnny—"Well, his papa couldn't have told him very much, anyhow."

**THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL R'Y RUNS**

ELECTRIC Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibuled Trains, between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis, daily.

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Solid trains between Chicago and principal points in Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan.

Through Trains with Palace Sleeping Cars, Free Chair Cars and Coaches between Chicago and points in Iowa, Minnesota, Southern and Central Dakota.

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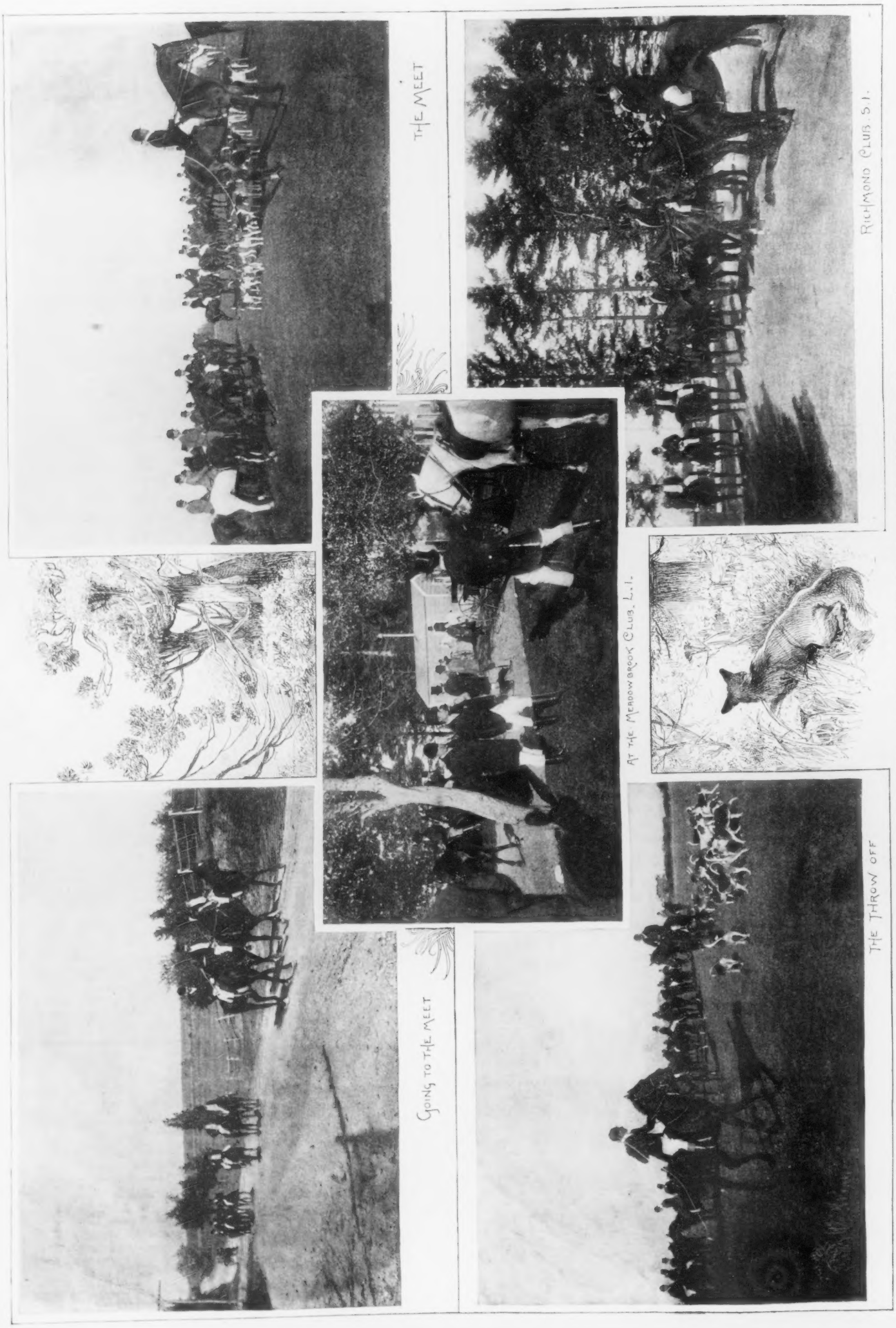



MEET OF THE MEADOWBROOK HUNT AT HEMPSTEAD, LONG ISLAND.—(See page 13.)

## THE GREAT MEADOWBROOK MEET.

SATURDAY, October 19, was a glorious day for the Meadowbrook Hunt Club. There never was such another meet in the history of cross country sport in the United States. About one hundred men followed the hounds. The country was difficult and the pace was fast. In the crisp, bright and resonant air of mid-October, the scene, the excitement were thrilling and exhilarating. In the long stretches of country back of Hempstead, there were many difficult jumps. At one particular fence only Tommie Hitchcock and one other went over clear. Five others attempted it and all came to grief; the daring rider, Willie Hayes, fell, his horse rolling over him and breaking three of his ribs. The Staten Island contingent did themselves proud indeed. They were hard riders, and added their full share to the excitement of the day and the thorough and extraordinary enjoyment by all at the meet.

Mr. Ralph Ellis is a splendid master. His hounds are in fine condition, and the entire equipment of the Meadowbrook Hunt cannot be improved on. Everything is in splendid shape. With all the pleasure and complete enjoyment of the occasion, there was yet a tinge of regret when I noticed how few of the men were mounted who used to ride with the Meadowbrook Hounds. Mr. Herbert, Mr. Cowdin, Mr. Hitchcock and one or two others were the only representatives of the old crowd of hard-riding men. It is indeed surprising that in this country three to four years seem to be the limit of active interest even on the part of the most enthusiastic huntsmen.

In England and Ireland a career of forty to fifty years is not uncommon, and that, too, with as keen a relish, a courage as dauntless at a fence, and as little idea of giving up the pastime, in the ripe years of sixty to sixty-five, as in the first flush of the first of youthful enthusiasm or the more fully habituated stages of middle age. A remarkable instance of this is furnished by Mr. Watson, who, a few days ago, completed his fiftieth year as master of the Carlow (Ireland) Hounds, and whose son is master of the Royal Meath Hounds and a famous polo player. I remember one occasion when the elder Watson, his huntsman and his whip each had a leg broken while trying to take a bank and ditch, the three horses having their necks broken. And yet these three were in the field the next season as enthusiastic as ever.

Englishmen say that the relation between timber jumping and fatal accidents is a mere matter of time. In the face of this, Englishmen go as hard as, if not harder, than any other huntsmen, at fences and ditches. Mr. James Harrison rides as hard as any man I have ever seen. I have never seen any one go at a fence or a ditch more boldly than the Duke of Marlborough. I have seen him give the whole field the lead over a stiff fence five feet high, with a ditch fifteen feet wide on the other side. His friend, Mr. Guest, rides hard and is fearless at the highest timber.

If the extraordinarily successful meet of the Meadowbrook on the 19th inst. has a special significance at this time it is perhaps that a revival of interest in the sport is to be expected. I am sure that a few more such meets during the autumn will go far toward a result so much to be desired. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm and the all-round good time of the Meadowbrook meet on the 19th, and the effect will certainly not soon wear off—not before it has resulted in a movement for a similar meet of several Hunt Clubs later on.

## THE SANDS-RUTHERFORD GOLF MATCH.

The unusual spectacle of two gentlemen playing a golf match for one thousand dollars a side was witnessed at Hempstead, Long Island, October 19. More than one hundred friends and golf enthusiasts followed the players from link to link. The contestants were Mr. Charles E. Sands and Mr. Winthrop Rutherford. The match came off at the Meadowbrook Links, and was won by Mr. Sands, by three ups and two to go.

The players began the first round at 10.30 A.M. A stiff wind came up and increased till it became a gale before the game was over late in the afternoon. The first drive by Rutherford landed close up to the first bunker. Sands took three strokes to pass it after his opponent had taken it with his second stroke. The first hole was made by Rutherford in six strokes. Sands took the second and the third hole. In four pretty strokes his watchful rival took the fourth hole. The game was growing more and more determined, when Sands by exceedingly fine work made the fifth hole in three strokes. In trying for the sixth he got into a very bad position, the ball falling on the side of the railroad embankment. Rutherford with little trouble made this hole and was now one up. The seventh hole was secured by Sands, the score being thereby tied. The eighth hole was halved and the ninth was won by Sands, who kept in the lead one up to the finish of the round.

The second round was started at three o'clock. Sands won the first hole in six strokes and the second in three, and Rutherford took the third and fourth. The next two holes were halved. At the twelfth hole Sands was four up with six to go. Rutherford won the thirteenth in four strokes, halved the fourteenth and won the fifteenth. This left Sands with two up and three to go.

The struggle for the next hole was marked by remarkably good plays. It was the critical point in the game and both players were on their mettle. Rutherford knew that if he did not make this he was defeated. He was unable to make it, though, in less than nine strokes, while Sands did it in eight, winning the hole and the match.

Arthur L. Livermore was scorer and referee for Sands, and Archibald Rogers acted in the same capacity for his opponent. Samuel Tucker, of St. Andrew's Golf Links, was caddy for Sands and Oliver Bird for Rutherford. The many friends of the players who followed them were enthusiastic over the game. Among them were: Theodore A. Havermeyer, president of the State's Golf Association, who acted as umpire; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Harry Whitney, H. V. R. Kennedy, Mrs. O. W. Bird, and Bronson Winthrop.

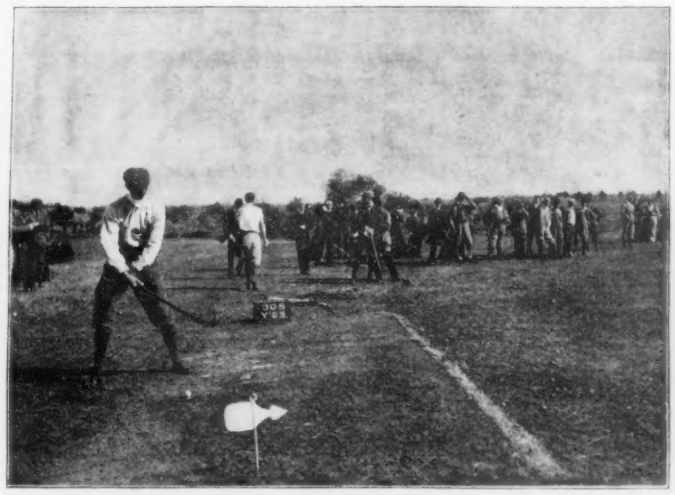
The summary by strokes was as follows:

FIRST ROUND.

Rutherford: 6-4-8-4-6-6-8-9-11-7-4-5-4-4-7-3-7-5—113.
Sands: 7-4-6-5-3-7-7-9-8-5-3-6-3-5-5-8-8-7—104.

SECOND ROUND.

Rutherford: 1-7-6-4-5-5-6-8-5-6-5-6-4-5-4-9—92.
Sands: 6-3-10-5-5-5-8-7-5-5-4-5-6-5-6-8—93.



GOLF MATCH BETWEEN CHARLES E. SANDS AND WINTHROP RUTHERFORD AT THE MEADOWBROOK LINKS.

SENATOR HILL, addressing the students of Michigan University at Ann Arbor on the 25th, argued in favor of four changes in the Federal Constitution: the increase of the Presidential term to six years and the ineligibility of the incumbent for a second term; the election of United States Senators by the people; a power of veto by the President over individual items of an Act of Congress; the absolute prohibition of paper currency.

THE London papers of the 25th strongly condemn the treaty between Russia and China, by which the former obtains the right of an anchorage for her fleet off Port Arthur, the right to construct railways on the Liao Tung peninsula, and many other special privileges that practically make China a dependency of the Czar. There is a war scare in England over the matter, and the press is almost unanimous in demanding immediate intervention.

SOME idea of what New York does for the poor and the unfortunate may be gathered from the fact that the Department of Charities and Corrections estimate their needs for 1896 at $5,549,170. Of this sum $2,000,000 will be needed for the erection of new buildings.

THE long-continued drought in Ohio has caused the closing of extensive furnaces and brick works in Scioto, Lawrence and Jackson Counties. Cattle are being sold at the first price offered. The prospect is that relief will be needed in many sections of the State if very acute suffering among the poor is to be averted.

THE Constitutional Convention of South Carolina reached the suffrage question at Columbia on the 25th. The probable action of the Convention is foreshadowed by the fact that an amendment in favor of universal suffrage was promptly voted down. The negro is likely to be disfranchised in the State, by the roundabout tactics of Senator Tillman and his party.

A MOVEMENT has been started in this city to lengthen the noon recess for school children to half-past one, on the ground that the short time for luncheon is bad for the health of the pupils. It is an important question, and the people are very much interested in it. The change referred to is likely to be made.

THE Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad will be sold at Topeka, December 10, under order of Court issued by Judge Caldwell at St. Paul on the 25th.

THE distinguished novelist Hall Caine addressed the booksellers of Toronto on the 25th in opposition to the new Canadian Copyright Law, mainly because the new law admits of a time when a book is no longer under the author's control.

GOVERNMENT reports are to the effect that frost and drought have seriously injured the growing winter wheat, in the chief wheat-growing States.

Mr. Hojak (at dinner)—"My dear, isn't it very queer for you to serve soup after the beef?"

Mrs. Hojak—"Not at all, love. This is ox-tail soup."

# "THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB."

## OUR PROMISED SURPRISE.

THE young readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY will doubtless remember that a very delightful surprise was to be announced this week; yet I fancy that not one of all the number has correctly guessed what it is.

How many, when they read about Joey Nelliby's "Happy Thought Club," wished that they could have been members of it, and thus shared in the jolly good times, and had a part in the "happy thoughts"? As that was quite impossible, I wonder if it occurred to any that the very next best thing to do would be themselves to form "Happy Thought Clubs"?

That is exactly what I now suggest. COLLIER'S WEEKLY intends to help all its young readers to have a splendid time and ever so many "happy thoughts"; because, if thought is what makes character, and character, you know, is only another name for our own true selves, happy thoughts will make happy people, and real happiness is what all are striving for. I would like to have every girl and boy into whose homes COLLIER'S WEEKLY goes as a regular visitant to at once talk the matter over, first at home, in order to gain the consent of father and mother—and I am very certain that all parents will like their children to become members of such a society—and then among schoolmates and friends. Don't waste any time, don't delay if you want a nice PRIZE!

Is not that surprise number two? The first surprise was in the form of a hearty invitation extended to organize "Happy Thought Clubs." This is one of the ways we are taking to enable our young people to become socially acquainted with each other, as well as to secure to them right along the most enjoyable times that girls and boys, except of course the members of Joey's club, ever had. The second surprise is promising PRIZES to the TEN GIRLS or BOYS who succeed in organizing the FIRST TEN CLUBS.

But we must give all an equal chance. Some of our young readers will receive this paper the very day on which it is mailed at the post-office in New York; it will reach others the following day. Those who live in the northern part of Maine may not see it for two or three days; while it will be five before it can be in the hands of any one in California. Therefore, it would not be fair to offer the prizes to girls or boys who organize the first ten clubs, but to those who *form clubs in the briefest space of time after receiving this paper*. The Postal Guide tells us just how many hours are required for mail trains to reach all the principal cities in the Union, so we can calculate very closely; but when you write do not forget to mention the date and hour on which this number of the paper was received in your home.

It will be necessary that you *work fast* and *report promptly*, for we wish to announce all the prizes the first week in December. I believe that there will be at least one girl or boy who will have a club properly organized within twenty-four hours after this announcement shall have been read. Joey Nelliby did even better than that. But work as expeditiously as possible, and don't cease striving even if you are delayed. All will want a share in our good times, and all will receive honorable mention.

The prizes will be well worth having, and more enjoyable even than the possession of them will be the feeling of real satisfaction every person has when any success in life has been gained.

## HERE ARE THE PRIZES OFFERED BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

FIRST PRIZE.

A GOLD PENCIL AND SIR WALTER SCOTT'S POEMS. This edition of Scott is in four Royal Octavo Volumes, beautifully and substantially bound in English cloth.

SECOND PRIZE.

A SMALL SILVER WATCH—the neatest kind of a present for a boy or girl.

THIRD PRIZE.

IRVING'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS—"Rip Van Winkle," the Moorish Tales, all about the glorious Alhambra, Christopher Columbus, Queen Isabella. Boys and Girls always read Irving's books with delight. These are six beautiful volumes.

FOURTH PRIZE.

"LIBRARY OF STANDARD AUTHORS," is in three splendid cloth-bound volumes—2,000 pages, 1,000 illustrations; they contain "Don Quixote," "Handy Andy," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Collegians," and other delightful stories and sketches.

FIFTH PRIZE.

"THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD" in two beautiful volumes, is always nice reading. You may take it up any time, and find out about all the great men and women of your own and foreign countries, and about all the great events that have happened since the Creation.

SIXTH PRIZE.

"LIFE OF NAPOLEON" in three volumes, cloth-bound. Boys and Girls like to read of the Great Napoleon. They will find the truth about him in these volumes, for all the untrue things said about him in other books have been exposed, and are not to be found in this work.

SEVENTH PRIZE.

IRVING'S "LIFE OF WASHINGTON," is in three volumes. It tells about the Great Commander from the time he was a boy until his death; how he led our armies to victory, became our First President and died at his Virginia Home after having earned the affection of all who love the name of America.

EIGHTH PRIZE.

"CAPITALS OF THE GLOBE," tells about all the great cities of the earth. The volume has marble edges and is very beautiful. It has 300 pictures of famous places throughout the world.

NINTH PRIZE.

"EVENINGS AT HOME," tells how to make evenings pleasant with games and amusements of the jollest kind.

TENTH PRIZE.

A DOUBLE-EASELED FLAT ALBUM. It is a beauty and no mistake—all covered with plush.

Aren't they all well worth striving for? We are accustomed to hear of awards being made to those who perform disagreeable duties, but COLLIER'S WEEKLY is offering prizes to those of its young readers who are most energetic in securing pleasures.

In addition to the prizes we shall publish the names of the *charter members* of the *first fifteen clubs*, and also the names of those boys and girls who organize the *first one hundred clubs*. What boy or girl is there that should not wish to gain honorable mention, either as one who has succeeded in organizing such a club or as a member of it?

But you will wish to know how to properly organize a club. Every one will understand what to say in order to interest schoolmates and playmates in coming together to arrange for a good time; but we wish to organize properly—that is, in accordance with parliamentary rules. (Look in the dictionary for the definition of that word, or ask papa, if you don't already know.) So study carefully the directions given below.

The first thing to be done, after all have assembled and the time specified for commencing the meeting has arrived, will be for some one to call the meeting to order. He or she should do this by rising and saying:

"The meeting will please come to order."

At once all general conversation must cease, and strict attention be given.

"I nominate so-and-so" (mentioning the name) "for president," he should then say, and immediately ask: "Are any other nominations to be made?"

If for any reason a different president would be the choice of any one present, he or she may rise and say:

"Mr. or Miss President."

The acting president, or chairman who has called the meeting to order and is temporarily representing or acting as such officer, should then call the person who has just addressed him by name, who will then immediately nominate some one else.

The chairman should then say:

"——" (calling the party by name) "has nominated —— for president. Are there any further nominations to be made?"

If so, the nominations should be made in the same manner. After which the chairman should call for a vote on each, announcing the candidates' names in the order in which they were presented. These votes may be responded to by yeas and noes, by standing, or, when desired, a ballot may be taken, in which case two or more persons should be named by the chairman to act as "tellers." The tellers' first duty will be to prepare small slips of paper and distribute one to each voter, who should write upon it the name of the candidate he or she would prefer, and then fold the paper so that others may not see the choice made. The tellers will then collect and count the votes, reporting the total number cast, and the number given to each candidate. The person who has received the largest number of votes should then be declared, by the chairman, elected, and be invited to take the seat the chairman will vacate. Of course, when but one candidate is nominated, a vote by ballot is not necessary and should never be called for or taken.

For president it is very important that a person should be selected who will be considerate for the feelings of others, who is not quick to take offense, and who has sufficient tact to keep the members in order; for, sometimes, when greatly interested in a subject, several will wish to talk at once, and this efficient presidents never permit.

Immediately after the president has taken the chair, the nominations and elections of the vice-presidents, which should be made in the same manner, follow. Then, those of the secretary, who as soon as elected should be requested to take the minutes of the meeting, which up to this time the chairman should have been recording. The nominations and elections of assistant secretary, treasurer, assistant treasurer and standing committee then follow.

The Constitution and By-Laws, a form for which we give below, should next be read by the secretary, their adoption moved, seconded and voted upon; after which the president should request all present to sign them, and should himself do so first, the other officers following in the order in which they were elected. Each person immediately upon signing the Constitution and By-Laws should hand to the treasurer his or her initiation fee. The amount of this fee has been left blank in the Constitution in order that each club may decide for itself what it should be.

CONSTITUTION.

ART. I.—This society shall be called "The Happy Thought Club" No. —.

ART. II.—Its object shall be to inspire, cultivate and act upon "happy thoughts"; to be educationally and otherwise helpful to members, to be of service to others, and to promote social pleasures.

ART. III.—Any person may become a member of this society on a majority vote of all the members present at the meeting next following that at which his or her name has been proposed, after signing the Constitution and By-laws, and paying the initiation fee of — cents.

ART. IV.—This society shall hold regular meetings every . . . . . at the houses of the different members on invitation, or elsewhere when deemed advisable.

ART. V.—The officers of this society shall consist of a president, first vice-president, second vice-president, secretary, assistant secretary, treasurer and assistant treasurer. There shall also be elected a standing committee of three.

BY-LAWS.

I.—There shall be a semi-annual election of officers held at the first regular meetings in the months of March and October respectively.

II.—It shall be the duty of the president to call the meetings to order; to preside at the meetings; to announce the business before the assembly, in the order in which it is to be acted upon; to receive and submit all motions and propositions presented by the members; to put to vote all questions and to announce the results; to keep order; to receive all messages and other communications and announce them to the club; to authenticate by his or her signature, when necessary, all important papers, and all the acts, orders and proceedings of the club, and to decide all points of order.

III.—The first vice-president shall, in the absence of the president, perform all the usual duties devolving upon such office, and shall also take the chair when the president wishes to debate any question with the members.

IV.—It shall be the duty of the second vice-president, in the absence of both the president and first vice-president, to perform all the duties above specified.

V.—It shall be the duty of the secretary to take notes of all proceedings and enter them truly in his journal; to read all papers that are ordered to be read; to call the roll of members at each meeting and note their answers; to notify all special committees of their appointments, and all committees of the business referred to them; to authenticate by his signature whenever necessary, in conjunction with that of the president, all important matters and all proceedings of the club, and to keep safely all papers and documents of every description belonging to the club except those pertaining to the treasurer.

VI.—It shall be the duty of the assistant secretary to perform faithfully all the duties devolving upon the secretary whenever such officer shall be absent.

VII.—It shall be the duty of the treasurer to receive, pay out when so ordered, and keep an accurate account of all moneys belonging to the club.

VIII.—It shall be the duty of the assistant treasurer, in the absence of the treasurer, to faithfully perform all the duties pertaining to the said office.

IX.—It shall be the duty of the standing committee to investigate and report upon all important questions referred to them, except when special committees shall, at the request of the members, be appointed for such matters.

X.—The Constitution and By-Laws may be amended at any meeting designated for such purpose, by a two-thirds majority of all members of the club, provided the proposed amendment has been submitted in writing to each one at least two weeks previously.

After all present have signed the Constitution and By-Laws, and have paid to the treasurer their initiation fee, the president should announce the objects for which the society has been formed, and make a few pleasant, earnest remarks about it, and then should call for any business the members may wish to present. After that has been properly transacted, all the "happy thoughts" suggested by the various members of the club should be read by the secretary, and each one considered and acted upon separately.

A motion to adjourn is next in order, and need never be seconded.

The following order of business should be adopted for all future meetings, and should be strictly adhered to:

I.—Calling the meeting to order.
II.—Calling the roll of officers and members.
III.—Reading, correcting if necessary, and approving the minutes of the previous meeting.
IV.—Election of new members.
V.—Proposing new members.
VI.—Reports of officers and committees.
VII.—Special order of business.
VIII.—Unfinished business.
IX.—Communications and new business.
X.—Motion to adjourn.

It is an almost universally conceded fact that comparatively very few of our adult population, either men or women, are able to conduct themselves in any public society, or to conduct any public meeting, strictly in accordance with the parliamentary rules that should govern such assemblies. I am very desirous that all the members of our "Happy Thought Clubs" shall be fully capable of doing this; and then, when older, should occasion ever call for it, they could take their places in any assembly, either in our own country or abroad, fearlessly and with perfect propriety. Many of our young readers will doubtless be able to consult, either in their own homes or at public libraries, published authorities to settle all points concerning which they are in doubt; but some cannot do this, and I will, therefore, be glad to answer in these columns all questions relating to the proper conduct of our clubs.

A few important points to remember are the following: The president must always rise before stating a motion, calling for a vote, deciding points of order, and generally, except if reading, when it is permissible to retain the chair. The secretary must stand when calling the roll, reading the minutes or any communication. No member must speak on any question until, after rising, he or she has gained the attention of the president by the customary form of address, and been recognized. There must be no discussion on any question until a motion with reference to it shall have been regularly made and seconded.

Our "Happy Thought Clubs" will have CHARTERS, BADGES, EMBLEMS and COLORS.

The charters will show that all the different clubs are members of one great band which, I believe, will in time not only extend from Maine to California, but will also include members in other countries beside our own; and they will entitle the club to all rights and privileges. On each charter will be placed the date on which the club was organized, its number (we think that Club No. 1 will have great reason to be very proud of its charter), and the names of all who joined at the first meeting, or of "charter members," as they are called.

Flowers have been selected for our emblems—the pansy and the sweet sultan. I very much wish that every one of our young readers would write me why he or she supposes these particular flowers, instead of any others, were chosen, and give an interesting description of each. A PRIZE will be awarded to the best one first written that reaches me promptly. The announcement of the prize-winner will be made in the issue of November 28.

There is much more to tell you about our prizes, our charters, our badges, our emblems, our colors, and other matters, that must wait for next week, when I will try to furnish full descriptions of all.

There is, however, one more announcement to be made to-day, and one that is "just splendid." Every girl or boy who receives any of the "Happy Thought Club" prizes will be asked for his or her photograph in order that we may have a fine half-tone portrait made from it to be printed in "The Happy Thought Club Portrait Gallery" of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, with something special about the original.

It would very greatly please and help if every girl and boy who will organize a club, or really try to do so, or who would like to belong to one, or who thinks it a "happy thought," or even who was interested in reading about Joey Nelliby's, would *at once* write at least a postal card, saying so, or making any suggestions or asking any questions. Address all communications to

"The Happy Thought Club,"
COLLIER'S WEEKLY,
521 to 549 West 13th Street,
New York City.

This department of the WEEKLY will be under the direction of Mrs. S. S. Wood, author of the article published in last week's number, entitled "The Happy Thought Club."

## A TALE OF WOE.

LABOUCHERE in a late number of his *Truth* publishes the following lines anent the late international athletic contest in this country. It is to be sung to the air of "Obvious":

Ten English L.A.C.'s
Going to make a shine,
One couldn't put the weight,
And then there were nine!
Nine English L.A.C.'s,
Athletes "up-to-date,"
One badly hurt his leg,
And then there were eight!

CHORUS.

One English, two English, three English, four English, five English L.A.C.'s;
Six English, seven English, eight English, nine English, ten English L.A.C.'s.

Eight English L.A.C.'s
Bounding up t'wards Heaven,
One bounded 5 feet 10,
And then there were seven!
Seven English L.A.C.'s,
Foiled by solar tricks,
One almost fainted dead,
And then there were six!

REPEAT CHORUS.

One English, two English, three English, etc.

Six English L.A.C.'s,
Vowing still to strive,
One was "caught upon the tape,"
And then there were five!
Five English L.A.C.'s,
Champions of our shore,
One lost the hundred yards,
And then there were four.

REPEAT CHORUS.

One English, two English, three English, etc.

Four English L.A.C.'s
Limp as limp could be,
One tottered in the track,
And then there were three!
Three English L.A.C.'s
Doing all they knew,
One didn't know enough,
And then there were two!

REPEAT CHORUS.

One English, two English, three English, etc.

Two English L.A.C.'s
Sweltering in the sun,
One presently retired,
And then there was one!
One English L.A.C.,
Still resolved to run,
Conneff, though, made a spurt,
And her there was none!

CHORUS.

One beaten, two beaten, three beaten, four beaten, five beaten L.A.C.'s!
Six beaten, seven beaten, eight beaten, nine beaten, ten beaten L.A.C.'s!

IN the Ferve Islands there is a superstition that seals cast off their skins every ninth month and assume the human shape.


**Beeman's— THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum**

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

**The Perfection of Chewing Gum**

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package.
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*Originators of* Pepsin Chewing Gum.

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and Rock Razor Hones. *Combined*, make it possible for a self-shaver to keep his razor in perfect order without trouble or expense—we'll teach you how to use the hone. If you've got a good razor don't ruin it on a poor strop. If you've got a poor razor make the best of it by using the best strop. You will never know the comfort of shaving yourself until you get a Torrey Strop. Made in all styles. Sold by all dealers. Catalogue *Free*. Tells how to strop a razor.
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THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

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Manufacturing Chemists,
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New York, Oct. 25, '95.

To the Editor:--I have an absolute remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been already permanently cured.

So proof-positive am I of its power that I consider it my duty to send two bottles free to those of your readers who have Consumption or any Lung Trouble, if they will write me their Express and Post Office address. Sincerely,

A. Slocum, M.C.


## CONCERNING CRAPE.

THE questions have often been asked—When did crape first come into use as a symbol of mourning? and Why was this thin, transparent, gauzy fabric chosen for such a purpose? It is not easy to answer either question with absolute certainty. The history of our mourning customs and observances offers many difficult problems to the student, and of these not the least is the history of crape. So far as can be ascertained, however, it would appear that the use of a stuff called crape for mourning was not known much earlier than the beginning of the last century. It may have been so used at an earlier date, though the evidence is not clear, but when we come to the reign of Queen Anne it is not difficult to find unmistakable reference to crape as a mourning symbol. For instance, an Order-in-Council, which appeared in the London *Gazette* in the spring of 1702, declared: "It will be allowed as a full and proper mourning, to wear hatbands of black English Alamode covered with black crape;" and nine years later, Addison, in the *Spectator*, speaks of a crape hatband. Throughout the newspapers of the last century there are constant references to the use of masks made of crape—evidently the same material as that used for mourning—by highwaymen for the purposes of disguise. Cowper, denouncing the venality of piliticians, exclaims:

"Oh innocent, compared with arts like these,
Crape and cocked pistol, and the whistling ball
Sent through the traveler's temples!"

One difficulty met with in investigating the history of crape lies in the fact that the same name was given to stuffs that differed very materially, both in fabric and in make. In the seventeenth century literature, before crape, so-called, can be clearly associated with mourning, frequent references are found to a stuff of the same name, usually known as Norwich crape. This was very unlike the gauzy fabric now worn by widows. It was a fabric of silk and worsted, or sometimes of worsted alone, and was practically a kind of bombazine. Like the latter stuff, crape of this kind was largely used for women's dresses. Swift tells how

"Proud Roxana, fired with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage."

One special use for the poorer qualities of this material was in the manufacture of clerical gowns. An old dictionary of 1755 defines crape as "a sort of thin worsted stuff, of which the dress of clergy is sometimes made." Hence came Pope's lines—

"A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still."

From the clerical use of the fabric, "crape" became a kind of nickname for poor parsons. An old periodical writer speaks of "those tattered crapes" who were said to frequent the St. Paul's coffee-house in the hope of being engaged "for an occasional burial or sermon, with the same regularity as the happier drudges who salute us with the cry of 'Coach, sir,' or 'Chair, your honor.'" This contemptuous phrase, "tattered crape," seems to have had a long lease of life. So late as 1798 Peter Pindar sang of "A curate in his tattered crape;" while just a hundred years earlier, Garth, in his well-known poem "The Dispensary," advises the patient to

"Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave the tatter'd crape to drudgery of pray'r."

But before the fabric now known as crape came into use for mourning, and before the coarser stuff of the same name was appropriated either to dresses or to clerical gowns, the place of the former was filled by a light transparent material resembling cobweb-lawn or crape, known as cypress or cyprus, as it was often called, from the name of the island whence, with other textile fabrics bearing the same name, it was originally imported. This cypress, when black, was used for mourning long before crape came into fashion. Autolycus, in the "Winter's Tale," sings of—

"Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as e'er was crow."

Ben Jonson, in one of his plays, speaks of a milliner's wife shadowing "her wrought stomacher with a smoky lawn, or a black cyprus," and in one of his epigrams he calls it "solemn cyprus." Still clearer proof of its use for mourning is afforded by Dekker, who, in the "Gull's Horn-Book," which dates from 1609, speaks of "him that wears a trebled cyprus about his hat;" and a few years later Milton addresses Melancholy—

"All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn."

The reason why crape or cypress was adopted as a symbol of mourning can only be guessed at. In the case of the earlier fabric, it may have arisen from some confusion between the material, which really derived its name from the Mediterranean island, and the gloomy, funereal cypress tree, which has been associated with graveyards and departed humanity from time immemorial. And if cypress had not preceded crape, it might reasonably have been suggested that, as the latter was originally coarse and rough, it might have been considered to be a kind of imitation of sack-cloth, which was used for mourning in ancient times; and further, that as sack-cloth was manufactured from the hair of animals, generally dark in color, hence black and other dark colors were regarded as correct for mourners. The origin and meaning of the different colors used in connection with mourning, however, open up a very wide subject, with which we are not concerned here.

Whether any imitation of sack-cloth was intended or not, it might have been argued that the original coarse, and not very sightly, fabric, an inferior bombazine, used for the clerical attire of poor parsons, was chosen for mourning wear because of its coarseness and unsightliness. Personal humiliation has been associated with mourning from very early times. To go unshaven and unwashed, to wear the coarsest clothing, and to pour ashes upon the body, were all ancient marks of woe and lamentation, and the use of crape might have been attributed to the same feeling. But the earlier use of the light, gauzy cypress for the same melancholy purpose rather militates against this theory. Otherwise, it might further have been suggested that, whether owing to the mutations of fashion, or the natural tendency of all wearers of clothes to gravitate toward what is becoming and sightly, and away from that which is coarse and ugly, the original crape was gradually superseded by the present more delicate, gauzy fabric known by the same name.

Changes of custom, in mourning as in other things, are still going on. Much less black crape is worn nowadays, even by women, than was customary twenty years ago, and indications are not wanting that in years to come the use of this far from agreeable symbol of mourning may be dispensed with altogether.

G. L. APPERSON.

EVERY year a number of boys are sent by the King of Siam to England to be educated. One learns upholstery, another typewriting, another science, and so on, so that when they return to Siam each takes with him some different instruction to impart to others.

THE difference between the weight of the brain in man and woman increases with civilization, and is most marked in the Caucasian races.

NEVER open the door of a burning room, or if you only suspect fire in the room, feel the door first, and if hot on the outside, it is madness to open it.

IF colored cottons are carefully washed in lukewarm soft water with no soda, and then rinsed in salted water, they will not as a rule fade or get washed out.

IF you use pickles in cooking, be careful to avoid copper vessels. Pickles are best kept in glass jars or bottles, not in glazed jars, as very often the glaze contains lead.

IF boots become completely saturated with wet, stuff them tightly directly they are taken off with newspaper. This will in a great measure prevent their becoming hard and dry.

DEEDS in England were formerly written in Latin or French; the earliest known instance in English is the indenture between the Abbot of Whitby and Robert Bustard, dated at York in 1343.

IF you have no ice at hand to cool your wine or soda-water, try wrapping the bottle entirely in a quite wet cloth, then cover with folds of linen, and set it in the most draughty place you can find till wanted.

IF a woman's clothes catch fire, let her throw herself instantly on the floor, and roll quickly over to extinguish the flame, or if a man is present he may do this for her, and then wrap her in a rug, or any woolen thing at hand.

COOL.

Hotel Clerk—"Sir, the visitor in No. 35 complains that the room is haunted."

Landlord—"Indeed? Then put down in his bill, 'One ghost, 10 marks.'"—*Hofer Staaltanzeiger.*

"Mamma," said a small girl, "why can't we have a grand piano?"

"Because we can't afford it, dear," her mother answered. "You must wish for a hen that can lay golden eggs."

"But, mamma," protested this literal young lady, "while you are about it, why not wish for a hen that can lay a grand piano?"

CHEMISTS have proved that vinegar will not dissolve pearls nor cleave rocks, in spite of the fabled exploits of Cleopatra and Hannibal.

### WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in game fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

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Truly yours,
(SIGNED) LILLIAN RUSSELL.

*Messrs. Fibre Chamois Co.*
*Times Building, N.Y.*

GENTLEMEN—We enclose a letter received a few days ago, from Miss Lillian Russell, which we think, may be of service to you.

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(SIGNED) REDFERN.

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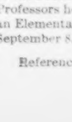


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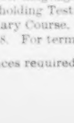


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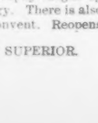


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